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After the Berlin Conference

New Republic

EXCLUSIVE FROM BELGRADE

The First Full Account of the Struggle Inside the Yugoslav Communist Party

by Alexander Kendrick

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T. R. B. *Washington Wire*

It came to light here last week that a diplomat politely declined an invitation to address the DAR—his Foreign Office had given him explicit instructions, he explained, not to appear before revolutionary organizations.

We feel better about Ike's clean-sweep resignation from all the incubus of societies he has joined over the years. Like many other radical decisions this one proved too comprehensive and he decided to make one exception, rescinding a withdrawal to the Sons of the American Revolution. This is the DAR's baby brother.

Last week Harry Truman attacked Ike for being party to the GOP hoax about the 2,200 dismissed "security risks." This is an elaborate political spoof designed to make credulous voters imagine that the Republicans have found Washington crawling with Communists, and have dismissed 2,200 of them. Ike used the figure in his State of the Union message. Everybody here knows that most of these dismissed workers are drunks or temperamentally unfit: there may be one or two Reds in the lot, but not many. The Washington press corps, with the first show of backbone in many a day, has politely but doggedly persisted in trying to get a break-down of this list and now has the Administration in a great tizzy. But does Ike yet understand the significance of the matter? At his press conference, February 3, when Elmer Davis raised the question of the "2,200," Ike replied, with manifestations of surprise, that he had learned there was widespread interest in this thing. White House rules forbid us to give an exact transcript of the President's reply (though the White House lets the radio re-broadcast his answers to less embarrassing questions). The key Eisenhower words were, put in the third person, syntax and all: Here was something, he said, that never occurred to him it was going to be this kind of intense interest. . . .

A bill to make the Communist Party illegal, and membership a crime, is now before the Senate. How George Orwell would relish this rapid advance in "right thinking"! To show you how fast we have come, it was only in 1948 that Tom Dewey won the Oregon primary by opposing Communist Party outlawry in a debate with Harold Stassen. And what a still greater advance this is over the backward Founding Fathers; how amusingly old-fashioned are these words today, taken from the first Inaugural Address of Thomas Jefferson, 1801: "If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." Who puts confidence in reason today?

There's growing anxiety over America's bargain-counter defense policy. Secretary Dulles, January 12, defined the policy as designed "to get, and share, more basic security at less cost" by relying, "primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate instantly and at places of our own choosing." This means — atom-bombing. But now Defense Secretary Wilson tells the press he wishes they would stop "rattling the atom bomb": there's "nine times" as much rattling here as in Russia, he says. Relying upon its new program the Administration has sheared $4 billion from military expenditures. What's happening? There's danger the Reds will take Italy; the military situation in Indo-China deteriorates; Soviet diplomacy won't yield on Germany and Austria and, instead, offers orders to trade-starved Western Europe.

Where does the defense "new look" fit in here? There's no fixed front in Indo-China where you can drop an A-bomb. The Administration is slashing conventional weapons that could operate in this situation: overseas economic assistance, conventional ground forces, the Voice of America and similar propaganda agencies involve loads of money and imagination, whereas we are relying on A-bombs and a balanced budget.

Sometimes we are called up by some friend whose excited broker has telephoned from New York that the stock market is churning—and what's Washington done now? It generally turns out to be some trivial item that the fantastic Wall Street soothsayers have misinterpreted. It's the big riddle here now, and we spend half our time holding the economy's pulse. We can't say what will happen, and we're firmly persuaded nobody else here can either. The situation is awkward for the Administration, but it's neither as bad—nor as good—as the two political sides would like to maintain. This is a business Administration, and the onus for prosperity is squarely on business; how much so it's doubtful if business itself yet fully understands. Our off-hand judgment would be that things will straighten out before a real slump, not because of what Ike has so far set out to do, which is mostly to aid business rather than consumers, but because of the pump-priming Congress is going to begin as unemployment deepens; and because of the further drastic steps Ike himself will quickly take (we are persuaded) as the present contraction continues.

Notes: Without shame or concealment the GOP National Committee sponsored McCarthy's nine-day, coast-to-coast, stump-speaking tour; he's the Republicans' boy and they're proud of him. . . . An impeccable group of conservatives named by Ike has just reported that McCarthy strangled the Voice of America in fighting Communism abroad; their report has been a bit awkward for GOP newspapers and most have kept silent editorially. . . . McCarthy's financial base comes increasingly from a *nouveau riche* group of power-hungry essentially Fascist millionaires, largely from Texas and Oklahoma; they hate the established Wall Street aristocracy and find McCarthy a tool to carve out a rival empire. . . . Whatever happened to Ike's celebrated plans to tell the public the atomic facts of life? So-called Operation Candor became Operation Anaesthesia. . . . Senator Fulbright's attack last week on "the swinish cult of anti-intellectualism" was one of the finest speeches we've ever heard in the United States Senate. . . . The farm bloc is now really worried over the anti-subsidy city revolt; the whole storage situation is approaching a national fiasco.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

GOP Anti-Communism

THE RUSSIAN offer to buy more than $1 billion worth of English goods in the next three years highlights a drive by which Russia in recent months has secured new trade ties with 15, and Red China with 13, non-Communist countries. In the same period, one element of the Republican Party demanded that all East-West trade be stopped; Republican Congressmen indicated that even the thoroughly inadequate Randall Commission recommendations for a "freer" US trade policy would be defeated; and the Republican Administration continued to reject low bids from foreign firms seeking to supply equipment for US Government projects.

Last month, the American Elin Co., an Austrian firm, underbid Westinghouse $556,800 to $767,300 on a contract for electrical equipment for the Bonneville Power Administration. The contract was given to Westinghouse. This month, American Elin was again the low bidder on a contract for Bonneville electrical equipment. This case, the first since the Randall report and President Eisenhower's general indorsement, in his economic report, of a liberalized program was closely watched both here and abroad. The American Elin bid of $268,050 was rejected in favor of a bid of $460,680 by the Maloney Electric Co.

27 Million Traitors

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY is currently holding a series of Lincoln Day Centennial Dinners, from Maine to Hawaii Their purpose, says the Republican National Committee, is "to honor Abraham Lincoln" and to allow "GOP stalwarts . . . to hear talks on the 'State of the Party' by its responsible authorities."

The "responsible authority" booked into more of these meetings than any other single Republican was Joe McCarthy. He was the star of nine Lincoln Day Dinners—in West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, South Dakota, California and Texas (all but Wisconsin have Senate races in 1954). On most of these occasions President Eisenhower, through a filmed address, shared the platform with McCarthy.

Most of the other orators GOP headquarters chose to feature for more than the average number of two or three appearances generally share the McCarthy point of view. Assigned as official spokesmen for four or more of the rallies were: McCarthy's friend Scott McLeod, State Department Security Officer; Senators Jenner (Ind.), Bennett (Utah), Malone (Nev.), Mundt (S. Dak.), Potter (Mich.), and Representatives Hillings (Calif.), Judd (Minn.) and Van Zandt (Penn.).

McCarthy's topic was the same at every stop on this pre-campaign tour: "Twenty Years of Treason." "The hard fact is that those who wear the label—Democrat—wear it with the stain of an historic betrayal." "Democrat," McCarthy explained, is "a political label stitched with the idiocy of a Truman; rotted by the deceit of an Acheson; corrupted by the red slime of a White."

Mrs. Agnes E. Meyer, wife of the Chairman of the Board of the *Washington Post,* warned the Barnard College Forum, on the basis of this preview, that unless "intelligent groups" act quickly, "the reactionaries under Senator McCarthy's leadership, and backed by the recently acquired wealth of a certain Texas oil millionaire, are going to make the next political campaign the dirtiest, meanest one this nation has ever seen."

No kidding!

Asked to comment on her prediction for '54, McCarthy's sponsor on the Lincoln Dinner tour, Republican Chairman Leonard Hall, said he disagreed: "No, it will be a typical American political campaign."

Flexibility

THE ADMINISTRATION has privately given the recession a deadline—April 1. If it becomes clear during March that steps being taken during February to stop the business slump are not working, the President will be prepared to reverse himself and ask Congress to cut taxes further—on individual incomes and business.

The surprise action of the Federal Reserve Board in lowering its rediscount rate from 2 percent to 1¾ percent, an admission of deep Republican concern at the decline in business, is intended to encourage member banks also to cut their interest rates and so stimulate borrowing and business. But this will stimulate only if new borrowers come forward. And the financial pages may discourage merchants from making loans to build up stocks: Sears-Roebuck reported a sales drop of 12.9 percent for January, biggest decline for any month since June, 1951; carloadings for January were 9.9 percent below last year; the auto industry is slashing production schedules as it reads used car inventories, and working a four-day week.

The April 1 deadline means that the Administration has wisely decided to put concern about depression ahead of fear of deficit.

One Said No

ON FEBRUARY 2, the Senate of the United States considered Joseph McCarthy's request for $214,000 to finance his Permanent Subcommittee on Investigation during 1954. At McCarthy's

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demand, the vote was by roll call. And although there was read into the record evidence that both McCarthy's Voice of America and Fort Monmouth investigations were not only demagogic frauds, but frauds decidedly harmful to this nation's measures for military defense and psychological offense in the Cold War, his request for funds was approved 85 to 1. Eighty-five Senators found it possible to vote Yes. Only one voted No—J. W. Fulbright (D, Ark.).

Senator Fulbright has offered no explanation. Perhaps he feels it unnecessary. For on that same afternoon, as he rose to speak on the "Bricker Amendment," he opened the entire question of our philosophy of government. In the course of his remarks, he said this:

> I am tired of name calling. . . . when public men indulge themselves in abuse, when they deny others a fair trial, when they resort to innuendo and insinuation, to libel, scandal and suspicion, then our democratic society is baffled. It has no apparatus to deal with the boor, the liar, the lout, and the anti-democrat in general.

Just Routine

REP. HAROLD VELDE (R, Ill.) is Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Larry Kerley, formerly of the FBI and the *New York Journal-American,* is one of his investigators. A few days ago Velde sent Kerley to New York to talk with the Associated Press and the International News Service about how they were treating the Committee and its Chairman in the news. This is a new way to use committee investigators.

"Not an investigation," said Velde when the story got out, just a "check" as a matter of "personal interest." "I just wanted to determine what the stories reported."

The news services, of course, maintain files in Washington. Of Kerley's visit, the executive editor of Associated Press said, "His inquiries were very vague," he "seemed to have nothing in mind except to get any attention drawn to Velde that he could."

"Mr. Velde is a useful man," says Elmer Davis in his recent book, "but not to the people to whom he tries to be useful"—including himself.

Steamroller Too Frequent

THE National Labor Relations Board does not make policy; it has the duty of deciding cases on the evidence and on specific provisions of the law—not on the philosophy or policy of the Administration in power. Its members function as judges. And until the recent nomination to the Board of Alfred C. Beeson—industrial-relations vice-president of the Food Machinery Corporation of California—no member has ever been appointed directly from the ranks of labor or management. For that reason, and whatever the political motivation, the Democratic request for careful examination of Beeson's views and past record was sound—but it was over-ridden and the nomination approved in closed session by the Republican majority of the Senate Committee on Labor.

Beeson's carelessness, however matched that of Republican committee members. He told a reporter from the *San Jose Mercury* that "the nomination . . . is for a one-year term. I expect at this time that I shall return to my duties with Food Machinery upon completion of this period. . . ." He had already told the Committee that he had no such plans. And when Sen. Herbert H. Lehman (D, N.Y.) had asked him about this seeming contradiction, Beeson replied, "I did not make that statement . . . the reporter . . . apologized." When the *San Jose Mercury* insisted that the quotation was accurate and that the reporter had not apologized, the Democratic members were able to insist upon further examination.

Recalled before the Committee, Beeson explained that he had been confused. He thought Senator Lehman was referring to another story in which he had been misquoted as claiming Vice-President Nixon's support for his nomination. Yes, he had indeed said he expected to return to Food Machinery at the end of one year. But no, he did not plan to return to Food Machinery at the end of one year.

Senator Lehman had carefully read to Beeson the quotation about which he was questioning him. The Democratic Senators found it difficult to understand how Beeson could have mistaken it for something entirely different. And as the questioning proceeded, it became clear that Mr. Beeson is under strong inducement to return to Food Machinery—if he did not he would lose some

New Republic FEBRUARY 15, 1954 TABLE OF CONTENTS VOLUME 130 NUMBER 7 ISSUE 2047 WASHINGTON, DC

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Washington Wire, by T. R. B. 2
Behind the Headlines 3
One Small Iron Fist 6
by Frank Gorrell
After the Berlin Conference 7
an editorial
The "Coffee House Debater" Is Silenced 8
by Alexander Kendrick
Toughening the Sinews of Procedure 10
by Curtis Bok
Battle for the Wilderness 13
by Wallace Stegner
Young Writers 16
by Kenneth Rexroth
Flaubert 17
reviewed by Joseph Frank
Elmer Davis, *Born Free* 18
reviewed by Bruce Bliven
André Grabar, *Byzantine Painting* 17
reviewed by Milton Anastos
E. B. White, *The Second Tree* 19
reviewed by H. C. Webster
Four Young Poets 20
reviewed by Kimon Friar
Canon Raven, *Natural Religion* 20
reviewed by Reinhold Niebuhr
Caine Mutiny Court-Martial 21
reviewed by Eric Bentley

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$8,000 paid by the company into his retirement fund.

The Democrats felt that there existed enough danger of "conflict of interest" to warrant further investigation. They convinced the Committee Chairman, Alexander Smith (R, N.J.) and one other Republican, Sen. John S. Cooper of Kentucky, who reversed their previous position and voted to postpone the nomination.

It cannot be assumed that a man whose entire previous career has been with business, management or labor is thereby disqualified from government service requiring a high degree of objectivity. But men who come to government intending to return to their old jobs after a very short period are apt, even with the best will, to give paramount consideration to how their actions in government will affect their private careers. So the danger of "conflict of interest," always real, is particularly strong in such cases and requires thorough, unhurried examination.

Later in the session, Sens. Lister Hill (D, Ala.) and James E. Murray (D, Mont.) will try to prevent recurrence of the problem posed by Beeson's nomination. They will try to amend the Taft-Hartley Act to include a provision of the Railway Labor Act prohibiting the appointment to quasi-judicial posts of persons drawn *directly* from either labor or management.

The Eighth Year in Indo-China

As Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov daily plays upon the French public's mistrust of Germany, the Communist Viet-Minh forces have opened the eighth year of the Indo-China war with an offensive designed to exploit the war weariness of that same public. Faced with French warnings that the mood in Paris is such that any serious military reverse could cause withdrawal of French troops, President Eisenhower has been disturbed to the point of naming a committee to study the problem. It includes Acting Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith and Deputy Secretary of Defense Roger M. Kyes, and it will report to the National Security Council.

Militarily, Communist Ho Chi Minh is taking grave risks. He has weakened the French potential in the key Tonkin Delta by scattering and pinning down French Union ground and air forces on widely separated battlefields. But he has also dispersed his own far less mobile forces, and, in driving toward the Laos royal capital of Luang Prabang, stretched his supply lines 200 miles over mountain trails accessible only to porters.

The justification for these risks are political: by extending the fighting, Ho has given the impression of making gains; he has frightened Thailand; if he can hold part of Laos, his position at a possible truce conference would be strengthened. Most important, however, he is demonstrating to the French at home that they cannot, unaided, win this war; creating pressure for French support of Molotov's proposal for a Five-Power conference including Red China; and hardening the determination of some Frenchmen to follow up Ho's December offer of truce negotiations unless the US chooses to contribute whatever forces are required to win.

Ho's truce offer contained only one precise point: that negotiations should be directly between the Viet-Minh and France—by-passing the Bao Dai government of Viet-Nam. But if the French should negotiate on these terms and withdraw, the forces of Bao Dai and the other Indo-Chinese states could not hold against an army which has fought French Union forces to a standstill.

The policy of building up local forces —successful in Korea—has so far failed in Indo-China — largely because of French unwillingness to train Viet-Namese for the higher commands. There is no continuous fighting line which could become a truce line—each side holds scattered areas up and down the country. A non-Communist regime would either have to fight on—to final victory or defeat—or merge with its enemy to form a unified state, and Bao Dai, seen by many Viet-Namese as the creature of the French, has not been able to develop a compact, popular following to rival that of Ho Chi Minh. Desertions by local forces have cost the French 20 military posts during the past week, testifying to the deterioration of morale among a people which has been constantly confused as to what and for whom it is fighting.

Washington thus far has agreed to the French request for 400 US Air Force technicians—these will be the first US troops sent for direct participation in the struggle. The National Security Council is studying a project to provide all-out US naval and air support. Admiral Arthur Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is authoritatively reported to have revived his plan for a naval blockade of China, and French Defense Minister Pleven and our Army's Indo-China expert, General O'Daniel, are to confer with the French High Command in Saigon.

In short, the situation in Indo-China looks more and more like that which existed in China before the Communist victory. And the new Administration's course there, at present and for the past year, has been the same as that by which it claims the Democrats "lost China"—grants of materiel, technicians and advice.

That policy may have been justified as long as it could be hoped that the French would persist and prevail and could be argued into granting independence to the Associated States of Indo-China.

But Ho has demonstrated that the French alone cannot prevail. And as their imperialistic motives for fighting disintegrate — after enduring long enough to prevent creation of either adequate local military or political strength—that they will persist becomes increasingly doubtful.

So the Administration must now decide exactly what it conceives US interest in Indo-China to be, and act. Must and can the war be won? If the answer is yes, must not full independence by a certain date be promised the Associated States whether the French like it or not, and sufficient military force provided? And should it not be decided beforehand if Chinese intervention with Russian arms will be considered cause to atom-bomb Peking or Moscow or both as the new "nuclear look" of US military policy would seem to require? What would be the role of the UN?

Or can we take a chance on opening up all of Southeast Asia to Communist expansion by gambling that the local regimes, supported as China was supported, will eventually defeat Ho Chi Minh and become free Asiatic nations?

Or can another course, acceptable to both the French and the Indo-China non-Communist nationalists yet frustrating Communist imperialism, be discovered? It is up to the Smith-Kyes Committee to find out—and soon. One thing seems sure, such a third course will involve giving France something somewhere, for at present she believes herself to be the only nation asked to sacrifice her interests on all the fronts of the Cold War.

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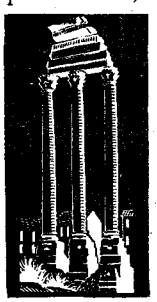
Rome Dispatch: ONE SMALL IRON FIST

Italy's domestic political situation has gone from bad to worse since—and partly because—the US Ambassador in Rome, Mrs. Clare Luce, convinced General Eisenhower that she knew how to make it better. Mrs. Luce's solution was simple—a crackdown by the boldest methods of psychological warfare, conducted directly from Washington, on the followers of Communist labor leaders. Since the senior statesmen of the Christian Democratic Party were less willing to accept her wisdom than the senior editors of *Time* and *Life* are to say yes to her husband, she appealed for official US intervention on her behalf. The story got about that henceforth US offshore orders for the manufacture of military equipment in Italy (and France) would be withheld from factories whose workers were members of unions dominated or controlled by the Communists.

In the period since this panacea of bold psychological warfare was peddled in Washington and proclaimed publicly in Rome, the core of the Italian domestic political problem has changed from defeating the Communists to saving the Christian Democratic Party. At least two authentic leaders of the non-Communist forces made plain their unwillingness to join Mrs. Luce's liberationist crusade of cracking down on the Communists with made-in-America weapons. As a matter of fact both of them, Giovanni Gronchi, president of the Chamber of Deputies and leader of the left-wing of the demo-Christians, and Giuseppe Saragat, head of the Democratic Socialist Party, also declined to give help in the battle to save the Christian Democratic Party from cracking up.



Gronchi refused to take part in Amintore Fanfani's effort to form a government. Saragat refused to promise support for that government, even though the *Messaggero* of Rome warned that if the "dialogue" between the demo-Christians and the minor democratic parties were interrupted: "No will to resist the [Communist-dominated] Popular Front would be able to block its inexorable development, the splitting of the country in two would be irrevocable, and in the long run even the Catholic camp would be invaded and crushed."

Saragat's explanation was that without guarantees, including a new election law, he feared the corrosion of laical democracy, opening the road to the dangerous alternatives of a "government by a regime or a totalitarian government." Mrs. Luce comes into the picture because her crusade against a totalitarian government of the Left is being carried out in cooperation with — and on behalf of — those leaders of the demo-Christian Right who, in common with some important elements of the Roman Catholic Church, would like a "regime," if not of the Mussolini kind, then of the supposedly milder Salazar kind.

Mrs. Luce undoubtedly is acting in good faith. The question is what kind of faith—in a "stable" Italian police-state at the mercy of a duel between repressers and resistants, or a free, democratic Italian republic finding stability (with difficulty) in the solution of urgent social and economic problems.

The great worry now is the Popular Front. Its greatest asset is the failure of the Christian Democrats to solve the problem of unemployment. At about two to two and a half million persons, this is about seven percent of the country's whole *working* population. A system of shifting US contracts from one factory to another, even if it was workable, which is doubtful, would merely redistribute but not solve unemployment. There is also *disimpiego* — or disemployment: three million out of 17 million industrial workers, and more than half the whole number of farm workers, work less than 40 hours a week—and not because they are lazy. There is, furthermore, under-employment. Not only more and faster land reform but investments are needed to provide new work by developing the depressed areas of the south, the islands, the Po delta and the sub-Alpine area. Raising the living standards of the peasants and the purchasing power of the general population can also help industry by creating home markets, reducing costs and improving the chances of effective competition in world markets.

The men in the Christian Democratic Party who want such reforms are being forced into the position of looking outside the party. The *Manchester Guardian*, with an informed and sensitive awareness of Italian realities that the US Embassy in Rome's via Veneto could well use, writes:

> What is at stake . . . is the question whether this party whose unifying principle is religion rather than political can preserve its own unity in a country which the other parties are engaged in splitting from end to end on the irreligious issues of the struggle between haves and have-nots. . . . It would be a prodigious upheaval in Italian affairs if the party were itself to fall apart. But in the long run the upheaval would be still greater if this party, incarnating in a certain sense the profoundest Italian ideals, became as it may have been on the edge of becoming a party of privilege and reaction, a party of resistance to urgently necessary social reforms. The hope of civil peace in Italy seems to lie in a renewed effort by this party in promoting reforms which nobody else would be powerful enough to tackle.

US psychological warfare not only against the Communists but also, by fairly direct implication, against the very men who could and would make this effort is scarcely a disservice to those who preach the Popular Front. It appears that Alberto Tarchiani, the Italian Ambassador in Washington, visited the State Department a number of times to point out this fact; it also appears that he failed to get much further than Deputy Under-Secretary Robert Murphy—scarcely a sympathetic listener, as is suggested by his past in the Vichy of Petain, the Algiers of Darlan, the Rome of Badoglio, and then on missions to our new allies, West Germany and Japan.

Moreover, Mrs. Luce's psychological warfare is a test case in a frame of reference broader than Italy. Does it suggest the what and the how of the Eisenhower Administration's new political internationalism designed to accompany and implement the neo-isolationism in military strategy? Is intervention—despite or against—our friends the twin of retaliation against our enemies?

Rome FRANK GORRELL

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A JOURNAL OF OPINION New Republic

Editorial: After the Berlin Conference

WITHIN the limits set by present policies, the Berlin Conference has proved a gain for the free nations. They supposed that the Soviet leaders would come to the market-place of Berlin offering to exchange bread for bread, and they feared that the offer might prove tempting. Instead Molotov brought, to exchange for Western bread, a basket of well-worn stones.

The Western bread in Berlin was the European Army, and Molotov's purpose was to destroy all further taste for it in France. Three ways were open to him: the first, to play on French desires by hinting at a separate peace in Indo-China; the second, to play on French illusions by obtaining a superficially successful conference; the third, to play on French fears by opposing German rearmament in any form. Molotov tried all three in turn, but without conviction. His references to Asia were in the nature of demands rather than concessions; his counter proposals on Germany were either old and discredited or else so insincere and contradictory as to be absurd.

If strength is measured by a willingness to compromise and to take risks, then the Allies appeared strong in Berlin and the Soviet regime weak. Molotov's terms for relinquishing total control of the Eastern Zone were to gain partial and permanent control of a united Germany. The Allies in contrast stood ready to renounce their rights in Western Germany, and to let Germany shape her own future.

In this the Allied case was principled and realistic in the sense that it conformed to Germany's own desires. The Western Germans, and, as recent uprisings indicate, the Eastern Germans emphatically reject Molotov's "all-German Government" and hold, with us, that a representative government is the only acceptable government for all Germany. They further endorse the Allied rejection of Molotov's plan for continuing control of Germany, believing, as we do, that no nation of Germany's size can be held down for long.

Given generosity and boldness, Molotov might have recaptured the past in Berlin. Instead he held a frozen attitude of doubt and fear. So a very different future for Europe is assured. Permanent changes have taken place with the Berlin Conference; the balance of political power has shifted, toward the West, and within the West.

Never again is Western Germany likely to be an onlooker at a conference at which Russia, Britain, France and America seek to shape her future. In future negotiations German armed power will not be a bargaining point, but an existing force. The dangers of a defenseless Germany that haunted us in the past may be overcome; they will be replaced by new dangers as German units strain to recover German territory, or to rescue fellow Germans involved in whatever uprisings and persecutions may occur in the Eastern Zone.

The dangers are plain; the chances of peace may turn on the capacity of Russia's Government, and our own, to respond with wisdom to the new circumstances which Europe after the Berlin Conference will present.

We are committed to achieve the unification of Germany, without doing violence to our basic principles of self-government and self-determination. But the Kremlin also has basic principles which it cannot violate, and they remain important since we are still committed to unification, brought about with the Kremlin's consent.

The Kremlin is deeply committed to the view that free elections are a fraud and that parliamentary democracy is a threat because it permits anti-Soviet regimes to rise to power. We cannot afford to give way on the necessity of free elections. Nor can we forget that free elections, held at the moment when sovereignty is transferred, must delay the Soviet withdrawal from East Germany by presenting this withdrawal in its most dramatic and humiliating form. By many preparatory steps, including a freer exchange between the Eastern and Western Zones, we can make free elections less repugnant to Russia.

In the meantime, we have supported the European Army as the one safe way to keep the German armed forces that will be formed under control. In this Army, Eden assured Molotov, Germany "will not have the power or the means to engage in war on her own." That may be optimistic; but EDC is still our best hope. For many months Europe has delayed its hard decision, waiting for some good word from the Kremlin that would make German rearmament unnecessary. The Kremlin has no good word, and Europe's time for decision has arrived. If this decisive moment is lost, then the European institutions already created, such as the Iron and Steel Pool, may slowly disintegrate, and in a weak and divided Europe, an independent, armed Germany will pursue its own objectives. But once the decisive step is taken, Europe's new course may be set. The formation of German units alone should lead the other nations of Europe to provide their quotas simply to prevent German domination. In turn the existence of these units should bring into being the political authority for Europe, without which the European Army lacks civil direction. By this progression of events Europe's weakness and division —the great danger to peace—can be overcome.

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In Yugoslavia

The "Coffee House Debater" Is Silenced

But the trend toward greater freedom from Communist bureaucracy continues

by Alexander Kendrick

IN THE NEW REPUBLIC of January 25, it was suggested that "the ideological clash within the Yugoslav Communist movement has marked significance for Socialists inside and outside Yugoslavia"; that if the anti-bureaucratic views of the now deposed Milovan Djilas had prevailed "the main and maybe the only bond between Yugoslav Communists would have been the Marxist theories of dialectical materialism and not the Leninist rules of monolithic party action."

In his analysis, the Columbia Broadcasting System's correspondent in Belgrade presents "the first full story of the Djilas affair," and suggests that ideological differences do not entirely explain the recent fall from grace of the former second-in-command in Yugoslavia.

Mr. Kendrick's concluding observations will appear next week.

Belgrade

THE COLLECTED works of Milovan Djilas will never win a prize for literary excellence or lucidity. They have a rambling, thinking-out-loud quality. Their author himself admits that he writes in a "confused Djilas way." His recent musings on the forms and content of socialism read as if a freshman philosophy student is trying to finish his examination paper before the bell rings.

Nevertheless, no matter how nebulous, anything from the pen of the ex-Minister of Propaganda, the idol of youth, the leader of the intelligentsia, and the most popular figure in Yugoslavia next to Tito, is bound to carry weight, especially when it is printed in the official party and government newspaper *Borba*.

But it is doubtful whether Djilas anticipated, when he began thinking out loud, what effect his meditations on the future of the socialist state would have on his own immediate future. For not only did he create ideological turmoil among his closest friends and party associates, but the minutes of the meeting at which they excommunicated him show that they held Djilas responsible for a crisis in party morale which, if allowed to continue, would have seriously weakened the principal viable authority in the Yugoslav state.

The two-day extraordinary plenum of the central committee of the Union of Communists of Yugoslavia, summoned to pass upon the case of Comrade Djilas, has rightly been called the most interesting public discussion among Communist leaders since the trial of Bukharin. It was notable for the way in which accusers and accused addressed each other by their first names or party nicknames; thus Djilas as "Djido," and President Tito was "Stari"—"the Old Man." It was notable for the full expression of views on all sides, and for their widespread dissemination by all possible means, so that in effect the entire Yugoslav nation was party to the debate. And it was notable for its retention of the flavor of a debate, instead of a trial for treason or espionage. In fact, most of the time it seemed as if most of his critics were not even debating Djilas, but themselves.

In the series of *Borba* articles which laid him low, Djilas wrote repetitiously of a "struggle of ideas," and it is obvious that for all his words about increased individual freedom, for all his fault-finding with the bureaucratic party apparatus and his demands for speeding up the "withering away" process, for all his hints about "two socialist parties" in Yugoslavia instead of the one-party system—it is obvious that Djilas was expressing a philosophical judgment and not putting forth a defined political program. It is just as obvious that he had no plan for forming or leading a political movement.

For Djilas is not an activist; in fact, this was one of the most serious party charges made against him. He is the kind of man who cherishes ideas for their own sake. Under Communism, this is almost as bad as fancying art for art's sake. Djilas is like the engraver who lovingly undertook to reproduce the portraits of American Presidents, only to find himself arrested as the head of a counterfeiting ring.

Yet his party comrades no doubt recalled that Djilas had similarly written literary exercises on Stalinism, and Stalinism had been abolished in Yugoslavia. Now his revolt against Leninism—the concept of the centralized, disciplined and omnipotent party—could conceivably

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lead to the abolition of the party machine which they themselves constitute. It is one thing to get rid of outside authority, and another to get rid of your own.

So this is the most fascinating aspect of the case, that Djilas was not expelled for his ideas, which were in essence shared by those who did the expelling; but for the possible effects of those ideas—effects which they had not foreseen.

It was emphasized, for instance, that Djilas' ideas attracted the "wrong people" both inside Yugoslavia and abroad. One of his articles drew a telegram of high praise from the Association of Serbian Chetniks, the anti-Tito émigré group in London.

Tito's chief barb against his best friend Djilas was that he was regarded in the West as the "standard-bearer of democracy in Yugoslavia."

During the party debate, much was made of the charge that Djilas had departed from the directive of the Sixth Party Congress of November, 1952, which changed the Yugoslav Communist Party into the Union of Communists, and authorized the decentralization and "withering away" now taking place. But the burden of Djilas' defense is that he was not speaking contrary to the resolution of the Sixth Congress—which as he pointed out he himself had written—but in support of it.

Djilas' complaint, in the most notable of the 19 articles he wrote for *Borba,* was that the Sixth Party Congress resolution had not been carried out, and that bureaucratism and party control in all walks of life were just as strong as before the Zagreb Congress.

In any case, the ensuing proceedings were highly dramatic. The issues raised were practical, ideological and personal, and it was not easy to separate them. The three topmost men in the Yugoslav hierarchy—now that Djilas has been dropped—presented the issues in that order, Tito the practical, Kardelj the ideological and Moshe Pijade the personal.

Tito, who is an old-line Moscow-trained revolutionary with a sense of party loyalty and discipline that younger men of the post-revolutionary period do not always have, was concerned about a possible split in the party as a result of Djilas' utterances. But Tito is now head of a state as well, and he seemed even more perturbed that Djilas' literary activities had caused considerable speculation outside Yugoslavia on the growing influence of the West.

This party plenum was therefore a good chance for Tito to tell the West that Yugoslavia meant what it said about following an independent course, equally alien to the private capitalism of the West and the state capitalism of the East, but willing to enjoy normal diplomatic and commercial relations with both of them. The plenum was also a good chance to demonstrate, as he has said so often, that Tito is a Communist and Yugoslavia is a Communist country, which may follow the same foreign-policy line as non-Communist countries, but which is resolved not to let their influence penetrate the interior except within desired and controlled limits.

This despite the presence of an American military mission in Yugoslavia, a large United Nations' technical-assistance program there, the increasing exchange of Yugoslav students and specialists with those of other countries, an expanding tourist trade, and the Balkan Pact, which has made Yugoslavia a close friend of Turkey and Greece.

A good deal was made at the plenum of Djilas' succumbing to "social-democratic influences" from outside, particularly the wiles of his good friend Aneurin Bevan, and Djilas' travels were also disparagingly mentioned, although at the time he visited Burma and Pakistan last year he was hailed as Yugoslavia's best good-will envoy.

It so happens that Tito himself has seen more Western visitors than Djilas, as is natural; in fact, it is easy for a Westerner of almost any rank to gain access to the President, and when Tito finds a man to his liking he will talk with him four or five hours straight and even invite him to come back again the next day. On his state visit to London, Tito enjoyed his Western exposure immensely. "Stari" is more impressed by the outside world than he likes to confess. There is a psychological novel here called perhaps "The Old Man and the West."

When Djilas and Vladimir Dedijer, Tito's biographer and the only man who fully defended Djilas at the party plenum, went abroad on party business, it was with Tito's blessing and with the purpose of strengthening relations between the Yugoslav Communists and the Socialist par-

Marshal Josip Broz Tito, President of the Republic

Moshe Pijade, President of the Federal National Assembly

Edward Kardelj, Vice-President of the Federal Executive Counsel

Milovan Djilas, former President-elect of the National Assembly

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ties of the West and Far East. It is possible that part of Tito's complex attitude toward the West comes from the failure of Yugoslav Communists to influence the international Socialist movement, as he had hoped. Instead he has seen the reverse process taking place.

At any rate, Tito, speaking like a chiding parent to the man who had been closest to him, disclosed that he had encouraged Djilas to continue his philosophical excursions because "on the whole they're good," but that soon he realized Djilas had "gone much too far." This apparently was when Djilas began to concentrate his fire on bureaucracy, because said Tito, these were "assaults on an open door"—meaning that the diminution of bureaucracy was already under way.

With a great deal of feeling, and not without reason, Tito then asked: "Has there ever been a revolution in which its leaders so boldly liquidated everything considered obsolete, or so boldly admitted their errors?"

As for Djilas' ideas on the future of socialism, Tito readily admitted that his own and Kardelj's "opinions and formulations" made up a large part of the Djilas thesaurus. "I was the first to speak of the fading-away of the party," said Tito, "but I never said this should take place through six months, one year or two, but that it was a long process."

Then came the nub of Tito's practical criticism. He complained that Djilas envisioned an "abstract democracy" and that he had been carried away by "democracy for the sake of democracy, and at that democracy of the Western type, formalist democracy." This he described as "going back to old forms of the social system, and not forward." But, said Tito, he was "worried by the unbelievably low ideological-political level of many party members" who would be attracted to Djilas' views, and was disturbed also after reading foreign praise of Djilas, when he "saw how joyful became all enemies of our socialist reality, how they hailed the Yugoslav approach to Western democracy."

In other words, Djilas' anti-Leninist campaign was being used as a shelter by those who were equally anti-Titoist. Tito made this clear when he denounced Djilas for not including the working class in his theories but envisioning a "democracy" run by "coffee-house debaters, quasi-politicians, editorial boards, some authors—the ranks of the *petit bourgeoisie.*"

Yet although Djilas had created confusion, Tito concluded by saying firmly: "I believe in spite of everything it will not have such great damaging effects."

The case against Djilas was then taken up by Kardelj, who developed the thesis of ideological deviation. In schoolmaster fashion, he showed point for point how Djilas was "deviating from Marxism although he only believed he was deviating from Leninism." Kardelj also revealed that it was to him Djilas had mentioned the eventual possibility of "two socialist parties" in Yugoslavia, and had prophesied that in any event a left-wing of the single party would come into being.

Again there is no evidence that Djilas was speaking in any but the most theoretical and general way, as usual, and as he himself explained, but it is also clear that Kardelj and others feared that Djilas was threatening the formation of another party, with himself as leader.

Kardelj's lengthy dissertation at the plenum was almost as fuzzy as Djilas' articles in *Borba,* so it was no wonder that when Kardelj had finished, Djilas rose to say that he and Comrade Kardelj were "90 percent in agreement"—the other, and vital, 10 percent of course being Tito's and Kardelj's interpretation of Djilas' attitude as a clear and present danger.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Kendrick.)

Toughening the Sinews of Procedure

Custom, based on honor, quality and due process, alone safeguards the Bill of Rights

by Curtis Bok

A YOUNG FRIEND of mine was recently cleared of a murder charge to which he had falsely confessed as the result of police brutality and the violation of everything we know as due process of law. In consequence, he served 12 years of a life sentence. When I asked him what he had learned from the experience, he had two crisp replies: one, the need for able and honest counsel; and two, the constant need for due process. He had not known at his trial that he was entitled to either. He said that he and other young men like him believed that society and the law were both against them, that their only rights were to take the easiest way out of a hard bargain.

In the whole history of law and order the longest step forward was taken by primitive man, when, as if by common consent, the tribe sat down in a circle and allowed only one man to speak at a time. An accused who is shouted down has no rights whatever. Unless people

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have an instinct for procedure, their conception of basic human rights is a waste of effort, and wherever we see a negation of those rights it can be traced to a lack, an inadequacy or a violation of procedure. Hence procedure effectively comes first: the mechanics of argument and discovery are often set up before the rights they serve take full form in practice. Even the common law had its origin in a group of writs drawn for various uses by Henry II. The law was common only in the sense that the writs were uniform throughout the jurisdiction of the King's judges.

The work of Congressional Investigating Committees is a good example of what happens when there is no procedure. There is no quarrel with the idea that we want dishonesty or Communism in the machinery of our government no more than we want sand in the machinery of our cars. Both have an abrasive quality that we can do without. But there is a difference between investigating whether there are bears in North Dakota and whether there are Communists there, and hence there is a real question, in terms of human values, of whether the proceeding is essentially exploratory or criminal. The current Committee says that its object is to expose Communists and that it is not a crime to be one. A witness, asked if he is one, refuses to answer, arguing that since it is a crime under the Smith Act to advocate the violent overthrow of the government he might incriminate himself if he should admit to membership in a group that does advocate it. In any Court proceeding it is the judge's duty to pass on the validity of a refusal to answer. If the Committee believes that it is not a crime to be a Communist, it should overrule the plea of the Fifth Amendment and cite the witness for contempt. But it accepts the plea and thereby lends some weight to the view that the proceedings are essentially criminal. If so, what about the witness's right to know the indictment, to have the active aid of counsel, and to be confronted with the witnesses against him? These rights are not given him, and it is little wonder, faced with such a hybrid, that witnesses plead the Fifth Amendment who need not do so if there were adequate procedure. The result serves neither the government nor its citizens as well as might be.

It is less important to call particular Senators hard names than it is to belabor Congress to provide proper procedure. After all, the challenge we face is not the issue between Communism and capitalism but the issue between freedom and slavery, and if we are to act like free men we will win by vitalizing our procedures, not by trying to put handcuffs on a gale of wind.

I know that you are primarily interested in the First Amendment, which guarantees freedom of speech and press. This, with freedom of religion, is for the moment in a relatively quiet backwater. The Fourth and Fifth Amendments will be the battleground this year, when Congress considers watering down the Fifth by making witnesses speak, in return for immunity from prosecution, and interprets the Fourth, which secures against unreasonable searches and seizures, to allow legislation making wire-tapping legal.

Aside from desultory sniping in the form of local censoring ordinances, the First Amendment should enjoy an uneasy peace. There is rarely more than one major constitutional battle going on at a time, but when one great right becomes the area of a fighting faith, others become sympathetically warm. Who dares to write radically about political and economic subjects today? Nor is the battle joined evenly. A recent effort to regulate sound trucks was met by a loud cry that freedom of speech was in danger. But when the New York newspapers were struck two months ago few people raised the same cry. For 10 days the newspapers wanted greatly to speak but could not. Why wasn't this an obvious violation of the First Amendment? The answer lies, I think, in procedure. Labor has the right to assemble, to bargain collectively, and to strike. This form of economic due process has won such wide approval that the newspapers' right to speak went quietly out of the window for 10 days.

THE GREAT corner columns of our freedom are considered immutable, but they do take different shapes on different occasions, at different times, and under different pressures. You will remember Homer's telling us that Paris's peculiar sin in seducing Helen of Troy was not that he violated Menelaus's wife but that he violated Menelaus's hospitality—a breach of domestic due process that was the more grievous offense in those days. Certainly the difference between the sound truck and the newspaper cases is not one of quality. Speech by sound truck represents little more than the right to open one's mouth at will and bray. Possibly the difference lies in governmental as opposed to private censorship, but comparing the value of the two media, that falls short of a full answer. The fact remains that public opinion considered labor's right to strike as more important than the incidental burden on the press to keep its mouth shut for 10 days. I don't say that this is right or wrong: I do say that you cannot always tell which procedure will come out on top at a given time.

The whole subject is colored by custom and usage more or less temporary in a swiftly moving economy. As a law-man I grasp eagerly at custom. We deal in naked legal rights, and the more naked they are the less they have to do with taste, manners and decorum. A few years ago I protected nine unpleasant books against the charge of obscenity. I do not remember putting in a more lugubrious six weeks than while reading them. Holding my nose with one hand, I upheld with the other the right of free speech that they represented. For this I got a certain amount of acclaim. Twenty years ago Judge Woolsey got more acclaim for clearing *Ulysses*. This only means that *Ulysses* was even naughtier than the books I cleared. The more extreme the book, the greater the acclaim, apparently, and this should make one wince a little, unless the whole issue be evaded by de-

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fending the stenographic approach to reporting life. Maybe the stenographer's notebook generates an awful power of its own by showing precisely what exists, but except in the scarce hands of a master it is only the power of dead weight on the loose, like a runaway freight car.

I said a moment ago that I grasp eagerly at custom, for custom should be the evolution of the law. Nations with most customs have fewest laws, and their native procedures are instinctive and gracious. Lord Moulton has said that the measure of civilization is the extent of man's obedience to the unenforceable, and a nation whose precepts of conduct were obeyed without sanctions would be a wise and civilized nation indeed. I know of no group that has approached this high level and lived peaceably by it, unless it be the Chinese before the Republic, or the Jews in the Diaspora or an occasional small and isolated tribe.

So I welcome the growth of custom. With it will come an increase in the vitality of our national procedures and a decrease in our concern for naked legal rights, especially when they are a cover for poor quality.

CUSTOM is more efficient than law because it is self-executing. The law isn't particularly efficient: it is generally behind in its work; it tends to staff its courts with political hacks; its filing and recording systems are for the most part archaic; and it can satisfy only half of its customers. The law is not a science; its ultimate terms are opinion and judgment, not proof and demonstration. It can prove nothing that it does, although it can enforce it, and it stands to the public in the relation of a parent whose orders are enforceable because they are based on an historical sense of what conduct is supposed to be good and what isn't. Hence the public has no great respect for the law but has an abiding respect for those who administer it. There is wisdom in the remark of the Lord Chancellor of England who said that when he appointed a judge he chose a gentleman, and if he knew a little law, so much the better.

Greater efficiency in the law would only take us down Mr. Hitler's road. We could be more efficient: if we took six months to try a case that now takes six hours, and if we unleashed upon every witness and upon every stated fact the full power of our investigative and laboratory techniques, we could get more precise answers. To do this would put us neck-deep in judges and researchers from here to Seattle. But it would also tempt us to eliminate the disagreeable facts and with them the disagreeable people as well. So our legal system, resting on the great but fluid civil liberties, stops short of the temptation to be efficient: it is pitched to average conduct, it depends upon common consent, and so far it satisfies the public's desire for the decent solution of private warfare. This makes the law sound slightly like the system of divine justice in Kafka's strange book *The Trial,* but we are still on earth. Every terrestrial legal right has its remedy, but rights are free and remedies cost money, with the result that our remedies are what the community cares to afford. And all remedies are procedural. The end is justice, and if you want to know what that is, go to the corridors of City Hall and watch the faces of people leaving the courtrooms. The goddess with the bandaged eyes is only the ideal of Justice, her scales slightly out of balance, for practical purposes, on the side of impersonality. A party litigant can often afford to wait, especially when it is the people, while help is given to a laggard. In practice, justice may be good, bad or indifferent: it is nothing but the quality of what the litigants take home with them from court.

In conclusion, Lord Moulton's obedience to the unenforceable transmutes our civil liberties from naked legal rights into great statements of procedure. Each one has its duenna, its companion ghost of obligation.

With the freedom of religion goes the freedom to question. Not only the questioning of disbelief, for that too is protected, but rather the way of the mystic, who believes that the narrow path to God can be widened, not by finding better answers but by asking better questions.

With the pledge of security against unreasonable searches and seizures goes the freedom to live on terms, if we can, with the things we possess.

With the right to trial by jury, to the freedom from self-incrimination, and to the right to be confronted with our accusers goes the right to due process, wherever we go and in whatever we do, and the duty to insist upon it.

With freedom of the press goes the freedom to read or to close the book, and it will linger so long as we retain the power to say no.

With the right of free speech goes the right of free silence, particularly when a citizen is challenged without the provision of procedure for a fair fight. And with it the duty, if we do speak, to speak not only freely but fully. There should be less and better talk if this duty were observed, for the difficulty is not so much with free speech as with free truth. That slippery word must be felt rather than defined. Truth may be the temporary resting place of an enlightened judgment. Or it may be what Holmes said of it—that truth was what he couldn't help thinking, with the notion that his can't helps were not necessarily cosmic: and most of us might have to add, unhappily, that they are not necessarily legal or moral, either. All that is obvious in this most stubborn of our freedoms is that there must be a battle for quality unless we are to renounce our right to the word which has been assured us was in the beginning.

I do not believe that America will gain the issue in the challenge to her way of life if her people do no more than act as they please. We can escape slavery only by toughening the ligaments of our procedures: by due process of law in the courts, by a better quality of expression, by ends informed by honorable means, and by a kind of courtesy that is a constant inner state. If these become the custom of the American people, the Bill of Rights will itself become an index of procedure to the better life that a free people can deserve, if they will try.

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Battle for the Wilderness

"Development" of the resources at Dinosaur would set a precedent — little by little our parks could go

by Wallace Stegner

FROM Brown's Hole, sunk in the mountainous corners where Wyoming, Colorado and Utah meet, the Green River cuts through the Uinta Range in a series of spectacular canyons. Below the Canyon of Lodore, a half mile deep, flaming with color, and so beset with rapids that Major Powell's boat-exploring party in 1869 was led to name it from Robert Southey's poem ("Oh, how the waters come down at Lodore!"), the river emerges into a brief, idyllic garden among vertical cliffs. This is Echo Park. Here the Yampa, running westward from the Colorado Rockies through its own impressive gorge, joins the Green under a magnificent monolithic promontory called Steamboat River. The doubled river then plunges through Whirlpool Canyon, spreads out to form the channeled and islanded pockets of Island and Rainbow Parks, and dives again into the heart of the mountain, sawing it literally in two through Split Mountain Canyon before it emerges into the broad Uintá Valley.

Known only to nature enthusiasts, river boatmen, hunters and fishermen, these canyons are right now a crucial battlefield of opposed principles and policies, scene of the latest struggle between those anxious to conserve our scenic wilderness areas and those who for one reason or another are willing to destroy them.

Specifically, the Bureau of Reclamation wants to build dams in Echo Park and Split Mountain Canyon. All the conservation groups are strongly opposed. Not only do they protest the flooding out of incomparable scenery, valuable archaeological sites, and superb, remote, wilderness camping and river sports, but they have a further vehement objection: From the Gate of Lodore to the mouth of Split Mountain Canyon the rivers flow through the Dinosaur National Monument.

National parks and monuments have traditionally been safe from public or private agencies wanting to "develop" resources within them. They are kept in trust for the education and recreation of the people, and since the establishment of the National Park Service in 1916 those intangible values have been held superior to any potential in timber, coal, oil, farmland, grazing or water power within the reserves. Even the advocates of the Dinosaur dams admit that the dams would destroy most of the unique beauties the monument was reserved to protect. Worse than that, say the dams' enemies, these dams would set a precedent for other intrusions and permit the piecemeal whittling away of a priceless heritage. Oil drilling, lumber, power stations, transmission lines, grazing leases—little by little our parks could go.

The crisis is made acute by the fact that for the first time in many years the Secretary of the Interior is exploitation-minded rather than conservation-minded. Reclamation has attempted before to invade Park territory, in the Marble Canyon-Kanab Creek diversion project in Arizona; the Corps of Engineers once proposed building a dam in Glacier Park as part of its Columbia River flood-control project. Both attempts were squashed within the Interior Department. But this time, on December 11, Secretary McKay recommended to the President that Reclamation's whole Upper Colorado River Basin Storage Project be cleared for submission to Congress, and that as part of the initial billion-dollar-plus construction program, the Echo Park dam be authorized. Committee hearings on the report began on January 18; there was every advance indication that they would be long and bitter.

Backing the Reclamation proposal are all the Upper Basin states—Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah—especially Utah, which thinks it stands to gain most. The National Park Service has apparently found no way of bucking the decisions of its superior, Secretary McKay, or the politically potent Bureau of Reclamation. These, in turn, have tossed a bone in the Park Service's direction by writing into the recommendation a $21 million proposal for developing "recreational facilities" within Dinosaur Monument (after the monument has been spoiled). The defense of the monument's integrity has fallen chiefly on conservation groups, including these members of the Emergency Committee on Natural Resources: the Sierra Club, the Isaak Walton League, the Wilderness Society, the National Parks Association, the Wild Life Federation, the Wild Life Management Institute, the American Planning and Civic Association, the National Audubon Society and the Outdoor Writers' Association of America.

Reclamation and Conservation are not the same thing, though even President Eisenhower's State of the Union message seemed to confuse them. They have combined sometimes against common enemies in the past; here they are bitter antagonists.

The Bureau of Reclamation is developing an integrated plan for the harnessing of the Green-Colorado

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system, to provide runoff storage, irrigation, hydroelectric power, municipal water supplies, siltation control and flood control through the whole drainage basin. That purpose is not only legitimate, it is vital; the whole economic future of the West is geared to it and other multiple-purpose, large stream programs like it. What has brought the conservation groups out fighting is not the Colorado River project itself, to which they are reconciled in principle, but the selection of the Echo Park and Split Mountain sites.

In recommending the construction of the Echo Park project, Secretary McKay cited the need of upriver storage dams so that the Upper Basin states could live up to the Colorado River Compact of 1922, by which they guaranteed to deliver to the Lower Basin no less than 75 million acre-feet of water in any 10-year period. The purposes of Echo Park would be strictly storage (6,460,000 acre feet) and power (200,000 kilowatts of installed capacity). Echo Park would deliver no irrigation water to the Uinta Valley; the valley's irrigation water will eventually come from the non-controversial Flaming Gorge dam upstream, outside the Monument.

Storage and maintenance of a steady power head: those are the purposes of the dam. But Reclamation publicists suggest incidental benefits: a building boom in the valley towns of Vernal and Jensen, Utah; quiet-water boat access to the inner recesses of the Monument; and good fishing. And the estimated firm output of 668 million kilowatt hours of power should stimulate the industrial development of the mineral-rich Uinta Valley and provide economic opportunity for the Utah young people who for two generations have had to migrate to other states for it.

In reply, the conservationists draw upon Reclamation's own inventory of possible sites to point out that dams at Gray Canyon on the Green and Cross Mountain on the Yampa, plus later dams at the Desolation Canyon, Bluff and Dewey sites, would store more water and produce more power than the Echo Park, Split Mountain, Cross Mountain and Gray Canyon combination selected by the Reclamation Bureau, and would cost almost $34 million less to build.

McKay recommends Echo Park, Glen Canyon and Navajo dams, with participating projects, as his "build-first" program; Gen. Ulysses Grant III, formerly of the Corps of Engineers, who opposes this plan has offered an alternative build-first suggestion. A combination of Flaming Gorge, Cross Mountain, White Water (on the Gunnison), and Glen Canyon would, he says, store 6 percent more water, provide only 5 percent less hydroelectric power and cost 10 percent less money. That 10 percent means $54 million at 1950 prices. And these four reservoirs would evaporate a few acre-feet less per year, considering the extra 2.5 million acre-feet of storage they would provide. All the more reason, say the conservation forces, why the Echo Park dam should not be rushed through.

Some go so far as to doubt that any main-stem dam is immediately necessary. The Bureau's own report estimates that full consumptive use of the 7.5 million annual acre-feet to be divided among the Upper Basin states won't be achieved for 75 years.

Foes of the Echo Park dam insist that it is bad land-use planning to build high-cost main-stem dams until tributary dams have stabilized the flow and checked siltation. They point out a need to study alkalination and pollution of water from irrigation and industrial plants upstream before construction of any such dam. They look at Reclamation's estimates of income from power, by which much of the project's cost is to be paid off, and note a prediction of power in excess of estimated requirements until the year 1978. Until then, they say, there will be excess power to export or peddle at less than the normal 5.5 bill rate. And wastage in transportation or loss from price-cutting will render the Bureau's estimates of income, and the ratio of benefits to costs, unreliable. Moreover, any industry lured in to the basin by cut-rate power may clear out again when the cut-rate power is no longer available. And finally, if power is such a crying need, for defense or otherwise, there may be cheaper ways of getting it than by a $178 million dam and costly hydroelectric installations.

If it is power we need, quick and cheap, say the anti-dam forces, we can build steam plants for a fraction of the cost of one big hydroelectric plant. And for fuel? At the Rangeley oil field, just over in Colorado, there is an enormous volume of waste gas plus one of the nation's greatest deposits of oil shale. And if you want coal, the Upper Basin contains one-sixth of the coal reserves of the entire world. Again, why rush into a dubious dam before checking alternate possibilities?

HOW ABOUT the "recreational facilities" that will replace the ruined canyon? Two dead-water reservoirs, at low water exposing their raw muddy shores and the mud-caked feet of what were once noble cliffs. Any reservoir that fluctuates more than 10-feet will tolerate no trees or shrubbery on its banks. It will have no swampy margins for muskrats or wildfowl, and so no such wild life will inhabit it. While such a reservoir is filling up the fishing is likely to be extraordinary good. The characteristic history is that it fades badly and perhaps disappears later, for fluctuation may destroy the algae and plankton on which fish life depends, and unless there is plenty of "dead" storage in the reservoir, dropping water may force the fish into such residual pools that they die for lack of oxygen or are given too much chance and excuse for eating each other. Any fisherman in reservoir country has seen them flopping in the mud at the peak of the draw-down.

And Echo Park reservoir, if built, will be built to fluctuate. Of its total capacity, almost five-sixths would be "active" storage—that is, expendable. Of the prospective Split Mountain reservoir, only about 7 percent is estimated as "dead" storage.

For storage, for power or for "recreation," the Echo

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Park dam seems anything but inevitable. Nothing except a probably acceptable evaporation loss whose total is still in dispute prevents the whole controversy from being settled at once by the substitution of the alternate damsites, which would provide all the benefits the disputed sites would provide, and disturb no national park values.

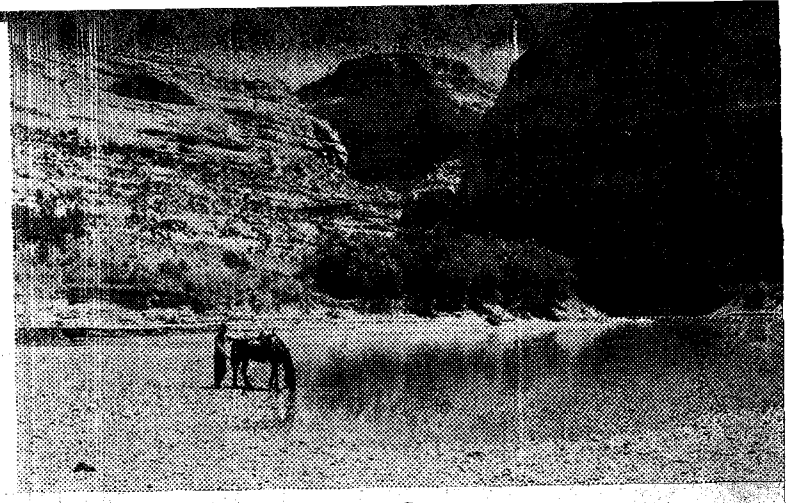
The fact that Reclamation has picked these sites within the Monument, and plugged for them, suggests that perhaps it *wants* to infringe the sanctity of the parks. Almost every Western stream of importance touches, in itself or its tributaries, some park or monument; and Reclamation has the job of taming every Western stream. It could build dams with a much freer hand and have to compromise less with other interests if it could break down the national park immunity. Something similar might be guessed of Secretary McKay: one who ponders the evidence might well conclude not only that Secretary McKay is willing to violate park territory, but he would like nothing better.

McKAY cannot be accused of being a friend of the Reclamation Bureau. One of his early official acts was to break up the Bureaus' big-scale Hell's Canyon project in favor of private power. His Under-Secretary Ralph Tudor in turn has frankly said that the Administration does not favor the 160-acre water limitation imposed by Reclamation law, and announces that he has lawyers rewriting the contracts for water from government dams so as to "by-pass" that provision—that is, to disregard the law. Secretary McKay has further expressed himself on the side of the long-discredited (and for a long time impossible) policy of disposal of public lands. And offshore oil was symptom and symbol, the first move of a campaign meant to overturn the policies developed through 80 years. National parks, national forests, public-grazing districts, public power, the small-farmer provisions of reclamation law, will have their turn.

Not that the campaign is entirely open. Writing in the *National Parks Magazine* only a few months ago, McKay said, "I intend to permit no encroachments upon the national park system without careful and thorough study. If there is to be any encroachment on the parks, it must be proven unmistakably that it will produce for the nation values that outweigh greatly those which are changed or destroyed."

But when he recommended the Reclamation report, including Echo Park dam, McKay did not consult his Advisory Committee on Conservation, which he knew in advance was opposed. The "careful and thorough study" has not been made, at least to the satisfaction of the conservation groups, and the values of the dam have not been demonstrated to outweigh those scheduled to be changed or destroyed.

More than 36 million people visited the national parks in 1951, and it is safe to say that most of them were glad of what they found there. The number of visitors multiplies by the year as better roads and the



View up Yampa Canyon

spectacular physical development of the West lure both tourists and permanent residents. The tourist dollar is still the biggest dollar in much of the West, and in the long run the tourist dollar is spent largely on scenery. Though Dinosaur is still comparatively primitive and unvisited, the destruction of the Green and Yampa Canyons could be as much a long-term mistake economically as it would be aesthetically.

Only a real power or water crisis could justify the Echo Park dam. That crisis has not been shown to exist. Nevertheless, barring a great rallying of those who love the parks and are willing to fight for them, the Canyoned wilderness of Dinosaur Monument is condemned, and once lost it can never be replaced, nor is there anything like it elsewhere. It would be an act of statesmanship if the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee should send the Reclamation report back for revisions and the selection of alternate sites; that is the minimum goal that conservation groups have set themselves. But it would be an even greater triumph if President Eisenhower should follow the suggestion that has already been multitudinously made to him, and promote Dinosaur National Monument into a national park, at the same time reaffirming the principle that the parks and monuments are and shall be untouchable, to be preserved for purposes more valuable than dollars and more durable than the ambitions of a single generation.

It is, of course, entirely within the power of Congress to begin the liquidation of our national parks as well as of other forms of government-owned and federally-managed land. There is hardly a single park or monument that does not contain resources capable of tempting somebody, whether an entrepreneur or an engineer eager to build dams. In the end, the American people will decide how much they are willing to pay for what they want preserved. It may not come free. There may be some evaporation to pay for. We can insist on the full pound of butter and be damned to the bread, as the Bureau of Reclamation seems to do, or we can give up a little butter in order to keep the bread.

In this case, there does not seem any valid reason why we cannot have both, and in full quantity. But that will take united action by the little people for whom the national parks were pre-eminently created. The conservation societies can't do it alone.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

THE YOUNGER GENERATION AND ITS LETTERS

by Kenneth Rexroth

RIGHT NOW we're in one of those cyclic crescendoes of fret about the younger generation, several decibels above the fret about Clara Bow. Much of this is just the eternal worry of the old as the young discover the secrets of life. There is a brief transition period of human life—a penumbra, alas all too narrow—between the discovery of the truth and the acceptance of the Social Lie. Those humans who are living in it always frighten those who have outgrown it. It is in music that those who have entered the brief span of comparative wisdom known as youth have spoken almost clearly. The music of such jazz artists as Gillespie, Parker, Young, Tristano, Brubeck, and Mulligan, is the specific idiom which speaks of, for, to, and by the young. This is the clear unmistakable, insistent voice of rejection.

The descent from music to literature for them is a drop of several qualitative levels. Ask your younger brothers, nephews, sons, "Does Norman Mailer speak for you?" The answer will be, "No, I don't recognize anybody I know in his book."

There are three distinct age groups of writers: the one that began to publish during the war; even I belong to this one, so does Kenneth Patchen, so does Nelson Algren, and so does Henry Miller, old enough to be everybody's grandfather; the group that began to write during the war and published immediately afterwards, of whom Mailer is a good example; beginning to breath down all our necks is a group that has had to take the wars, not twice in a lifetime, but twice in childhood and youth. These are the boys nobody wants to face.

There are several spurious youths running around whom it would be well to challenge. The literature of the International Set, the denizens of Tangiers and the suburbs of Florence, is thriller-diller stuff on the lowest level, comic books for the vulgar—Paul Bowles and Truman Capote. I don't know anyone under thirty who reads them. Like Michael Arlen in another epoch, their audience is shop girls and housemaids who save their nickels to subscribe to the more expensive flapper fashion magazines. There's always been something like this around.

Secondly, there's plain money-writing—some of it on a fairly high level and, because of the rough house demand of the pocket book audience, able to get away with a degree of social criticism unknown in earlier popular literature. Jones is the type, and the science fiction writers—although some of the latter are beginning to move over into the pseudo-sophisticated slick magazines, for example Ray Bradbury.

I think that the nature of popular fiction, the never-ceasing demand for dames overthrown by force and violence, makes it the most socially significant writing, aesthetics to the contrary, taking place. The genealogy runs Hemingway-Hammett-Cain-Chandler-Horace McCoy, with Henry Miller in left field, a mixed metaphor which will cover the blood on the scanties school and the Brooklyn boy approach direct. Possibly Farrell, Algren, and other Chicago realists had a hand in it too, but they are altogether too elegiac in pace for prose which now rules the roost in front of the local drug store. The secret of this kind of writing is that it isn't buying anything and it isn't selling anything, and it hasn't since it first began to appear in the pages of *Black Mask*, where the style was deliberately and consciously developed before the war.

Two recent books are outstanding examples of this style and they interest me more than any of the others in this article—Manchester's *City of Anger* and Mandel's *Flee The Angry Strangers*. There are all sorts of things wrong with them. Manchester's cast is an enormous collection of Harry Stack Sullivan case histories, rather than people or even archetypal caricatures of the Dickens order. I should imagine that it was Dickens he was aiming at. In spite of thinness of characterization, his huge web of "interpersonal relations," to use the fashionable term, does catch up and hold something of the living or living-dead reality of the city of anger, the city Bunyan's Pilgrim fled from, the city waiting for the Bomb, the city where we all live.

Mandel's relationship to the *métier* is certainly rather remote. I imagine the cats in the village bars get up when he sits down. The book, especially in the opening chapters, sounds like a collaboration of Little Joe Gould, Maxwell Bodenheim, and a collegiate imitator of Damon Runyon. But he learns by doing, and the latter half of the book is probably as true a picture of the totally alienated as you're likely to get.

Chester Himes is another writer on the pocket book level. He is possibly more vulgar than Ralph Ellison, but he is more convincing, and both of them present the same picture of Negro total rejection. I would say that Himes is more popular with Negroes because of his confident and simple identification with his material. Most Negroes I know find too much extraneous worry in Ellison and are suspicious of his ambition.

There is an intermediate group which includes Bourjaily, Burns, Merle Miller; still young, they are not quite money writers, super slicks, or *avant garde*. It may well be that one of these people—and there are several more than those I've named—will crawl up to the head of the track in the next ten years.

I'm not sure where to put Salinger. I don't know his age. His *Catcher In the Rye*, a re-take of *This Side of Paradise*, concerns the adolescent problems of a prep school youth. I don't know any prep school youth, and I don't know anybody who does. But in spite of this specialization, Salinger does get across the same indictment: for youth, even some rich youth, this is a world of strangers, going about their lethal, clandestine, and wrathful business, all of them enemies.

With young Roman Catholic writers, rejection is absolute and it is very assured. J. F. Powers is, in my opinion, the best short story writer to come up in many years. His work is a cunning blend of Farrell, Bernanos, and the most savage whimsy of the New Yorker,

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orthodox but self-critical and eminently humane. Merton I find a trifle overdecorative, but he is certainly a considerable poet. My own taste runs more to the rougher, more direct poetry of Brother Antoninus, O.P., formerly William Everson.

Last, there is the world of quarterlies, for better or worse. The young people I know condemn all of it as "school teacher literature." Art with a capital A has become polite, or at the best "social worker art" in the eyes of the disaffiliated. I'm inclined to agree, but I'm also inclined to make a few exceptions. Writers like Saul Bellow, Jean Stafford, Elizabeth Hardwicke, Mary McCarthy, Eleanor Clark are simply post war versions of the forgotten mass high brow writers. None of them are any better than Harold Frederick, David Graham Phillips, Robert Hichens, or Edith Wharton, none as good as Mrs. E. L. Voynich. This is the world of *haute cuisine* presided over by E. M. Forster and Virginia Woolf. It can safely be left to the classrooms—nobody outside them cares anything about it, least of all the young strangers. If you want to know what it's like, read Mary McCarthy's famous article about the time she asked youngsters what they thought of the Marshall Plan and they put her down cold.

Of course these people are not very young. They were all formed by the transition of the American academic intellectual from the 4½ International to the European Defense Community. You can hardly expect a youth who sat out the Korean war to read these authors even if the GI bill pays him to sit in a classroom and listen to it.

There has, of course, been a continuous production of books by the younger Southern writers, but it is easier to name bad ones than good ones. The only good ones that occur to me are *The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter, Reflections In A Golden Eye,* and *Lie Down In Darkness.* These are essentially reworking of Faulkner. The great danger, and a danger to which Carson McCullers may already have succumbed, is that she and William Styron will have graduated to swimming pools and yachts before they have learned how to write.

This is the great danger all around. I cannot agree that novels by and large perform the social function of a constant symbolic criticism of values. With few exceptions in the history of literature, novels have been written for the immature. Aristotle was right—tragedy must deal with the problems of adults. A real mastery of fictional dramaturgy comes late, and if Hollywood is there with a checkbook before you reach the age of 25, your goose is cooked. Where would Conrad have been, pray tell, if someone had handed him a check for $100,000 for *Almayer's Folly?*

I suppose I should write something about poetry. Since I write poetry myself, I guess I'm less tolerant. It seems to me something terrible has gone wrong with poetry. After the generation of Hollywood, the Communist Party, the WPA, and *Time* magazine, poetry was never able to raise its head again. The poet the young read is Kenneth Patchen, not themselves, except as a sort of duty.

There are a few poets in the quarterlies who have come up since the war. Probably the best are Richard Wilbur, Jean Garrigue, Ruth Herschberger, Paul Goodman, Theodore Roethke, Harry Duncan. The only young poet who shares the total rejection of the novelists and musicians is Philip Lamantia. James Laughlin puts him in *New Directions* whenever he can get something; and Lamantia turns up periodically in such magazines as *Horizon, Tiger's Eye, Portfolio, Boetteghe Oscure.* He is the one young American poet included in all European collections of American verse.

Theoretically there should be a large popular poetic literature taking off from Fearing, Patchen, Sandburg, and the better, if there were any, proletarian poets, and saying the same things that the pocket book writers say. Alas, there are only academic exercises, wearily tapped out on the typewriter to add grace to the final accolade of a teaching assistantship in English in a small college.

There is a sort of poetic underworld in the mimeographed little magazine. Curiously enough the editors of these publications seem to write better than most of their contributors, unless they are other editors. I have the feeling that in each case the editor starts a poetry magazine in hopes that out of the mail will drop something really good, the kind of poem he himself has always wanted to write. One of the curious things about post war poetry is that a hero of the young is the author of the longest hymn of hate in literature, Ezra Pound.

Older than most of the contributors to these mimeographed publications is Charles Olson, and, I suspect for this reason alone, he is probably the best known. Robert Creeley, Richard Emerson, Fred Eckman, Gil Orlovitz are the best of the younger people. Eckman and Emerson edit the magazine—printed, not mimeographed—the *Golden Goose.* I know them well, and I know they try to find and print the poetry we're all waiting to see.

FLAUBERT'S ENIGMA

THERE is probably no modern writer who is more talked about and less well-known than Gustave Flaubert. It is generally believed, for example, that Flaubert wrote *Madame Bovary* with a deep distaste for its contemporary subject, and that it was only the advice of friends that persuaded him to discipline his Romantic temperament to grapple with a realistic theme. Yet Flaubert's early writings, not yet published when this story gained currency, show that he had tried his hand at all forms of writing and had composed an entire novel about student-life in Paris without advice from anybody.

FLAUBERT, by Philip Spencer (Grove; $5). SELECTED LETTERS OF FLAUBERT, translated by Francis Steegmuller (Farrar, Straus and Young; $4).

Similarly, it is accepted as gospel by all writers on Flaubert, including Mr. Spencer, that he cherished a life-long and unfulfilled passion for a lady named Mme. Schlésinger; and that this aspect of his life is faithfully pictured in the *Sentimental Education.* Flaubert's recently published notebooks, however, show that he shifted his picture of this relationship several times, and that he could not decide whether to have his hero conquer the lady in the novel or not. (He chose the latter alternative, and Mme. Schlésinger's reputation has been safe ever since.) These are only two samples of the misconceptions that have prevented us from obtaining any comprehensible view of Flaubert's life. And, more important, our distorted ideas about his life have hindered us from seeing many important elements in his novels in their proper light.

Unfortunately, Philip Spencer's new biography of Flaubert does little to remedy this situation; his book is a thorough, accurate and judicious resumé of the enormous mass of research done on Flaubert's life up to the present time;

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but Mr. Spencer's ideas are completely molded by the scholars whose results he uses. There is little evidence that he has tried to think through their conclusions for himself; in the one or two places where he does so, he remains prudently non-committal. Flaubert's nervous attack at the age of twenty-two, he tells us, "offers no clue to his life and work." If this is true, then the usual picture of Flaubert's emotional development has to be radically revised. But Mr. Spencer disregards his momentary iconoclasm and blandly proceeds along the familiar lines—although his own assertion leaves him without any explanation for the change in Flaubert's character that is supposed to have occurred at this time. Despite this critical insouciance, however, Mr. Spencer's book is still the most reliable English presentation of the standard picture of Falubert.

Francis Steegmuller, himself the author of a lively but highly questionable book on Flaubert (*Flaubert and Madame Bovary*), has made an extremely useful selection and translation of Flaubert's letters. This is *not*, as the book jacket states, "the first comprehensive selection of his correspondence to appear in adequate English translation." A similar selection was made in England several years ago, and was published in this country by the Philosophical Library. But this, of course, does not detract from the merits of Mr. Steegmuller's volume, which is a bit more ample than its English counterpart.

Flaubert was not only one of the most important novelists of the nineteeenth century but also one of its great letter-writers. Some French critics, indeed, have even suggested that his correspondence will ultimately remain his greatest work. However exaggerated this may seem, there is no doubt that a good many of Flaubert's most attractive qualities as a human being never got into his work; or, if they did, they display themselves there far more indirectly than in his correspondence. His letters are written with great spontaneity and freedom, unlike all but a few of his works; and they faithfully reflect his passionate impetuosity, his great capacity for sympathy, and his refreshing freedom from the occupational curse of the literati: pettiness and vanity.

Moreover, despite his ivory-tower reputation, Flaubert responded with honesty and acuity to the great social, literary and cultural problems of *his* day, which have not yet ceased to be the problems of *ours*. In these letters the reader will find those trenchant critical utterances that impelled Benedetto Croce to rank Flaubert among the greatest literary critics of the nineteenth century. And he will also find those social and political comments which have recently aroused the ire of Jean-Paul Sartre; and whose relevance to the contemporary scene, one hundred years after they were written, can well be gauged from this indignation.

JOSEPH FRANK

FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM

IT IS NO NEWS to anybody that Elmer Davis is the Mount Everest of news commentators. When other men are obscured at lower altitudes by the mists of timidity and compromise, his frosted head still gleams in the sunlight of firm principles firmly held. Yet he is sensible about it; before he went into journalism or the radio, he studied history,

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BUT WE WERE BORN FREE, by Elmer Davis (Bobbs-Merrill; $2.75).

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in Indiana and at Oxford, a fact which gives him what many of his rivals doubtless feel is an unfair advantage. Davis knows that there were fools in high places yesterday and that under the laws of probability, there will be fools tomorrow. He is therefore not reduced to hysterical hand wringing because there are fools today.

Though he is not hysterical, neither is he complacent. About half of his new book is devoted to a discussion of the growing intolerance toward dissident minority opinion in this country today (all of this volume is based on material he has used before in one way or another). Davis was never soft-hearted enough to be attracted toward Communism, but neither is he bone-headed enough to feel that people some of whom may have been attracted by it should be condemned without proof, without due process of law, by men who have little respect for the Anglo-Saxon principles of justice. He has been enough concerned about what is happening in America so that, as he says, "In the winter and spring of 1953 I was going around the country, preaching sermons on the need of defending the freedom of the mind." This may or may not have contributed to the high blood pressure which a few months ago forced him to suspend his nightly broadcasts. (He is now back on radio and television once a week, his return having been saluted a few issues ago by a special number of the *New Republic* in which proper respects were paid to him by a group of his contemporaries.)

Davis is famous for the effectiveness of his spoken words; with his dry, often sardonic Indiana twang, he can convey a lot of meaning not explicit in the text; I wish that instead of reading this book I could have heard him recite it. Because his delivery over the radio is so good, many people probably do not recognize how high is the quality of his prose; it marches forward like a Roman legion, steady and strong, with the economy of words that is the most effective tool of exposition. If you want proof of its quality, try to cut as many as ten words from any of his 300-word pages. And on every page there are Davisisms, like those quoted in the special issue of the *New Republic*:

> A number of highly reputable journalists had argued that, since McCarthy's attack had in fact failed to intimidate Wechsler, it was no attack on the freedom of the press at all. This amounts to saying that attempted rape is no crime if the girl is lucky enough to fight off her assailant. . . . Congressional committees seem to be the only people in the country who believe what they read in the *Daily Worker*. . . . A defendant on trial before a Congressional committee does not often, any more, say anything; he "admits" it, he "acknowledges" it. I have seen stories that came pretty close to saying, "The witness admitted that last year Christmas came on December 25."

Davis does not believe that truth crushed to earth will rise again. He thinks on the contrary that if we do not safeguard our liberties, they may disappear for ever. I do not know whether this is true; but I am sure we ought to act as though it were true, and the effort to awaken the American people has no voice more useful than his. The great men of the past always seem larger than life-size, our contemporaries smaller; probably some people will be surprised if I mention Tom Paine, but if any man has as good a title to be called the Tom Paine of today, I don't know who it is.

In his final paragraph he gives a warning which few Americans today need as little as he does. He reminds us of the Philistines who feared before a battle that their cause was hopeless:

> Realizing that nobody else was going to

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leliver them, they said to one another, 'Be strong, and quit yourselves like men; and fight." And they did fight and delivered themselves. So may we; but only f we quit ourselves like men. This republic was not established by cowards; and cowards will not preserve it.

BRUCE BLIVEN

A GOLDEN AGE

THE NEW Skira books on the history of painting provide the best colored reproductions that have ever been made available to the general public at anything like moderate prices. The series as a whole is magnificent, and the editor is to be congratulated for having directed the matchless resources of his famous organization to the difficult task of pro-

BYZANTINE PAINTING, by André Grabar (Skira; $20).

ducing a book on Byzantine painting. Most of the plates, especially those of manuscript illuminations and details of mosaics, are truly splendid. Occasionally, however, the blues, for example, are too strong and the greens too bright. Apparently, despite the best modern techniques, it is still impossible to produce adequate color prints of some of the larger Byzantine paintings and mosaics. Perhaps the Byzantine palette is too subtle for even the most sensitive camera.

In André Grabar, the author of this volume, who is professor at the Collége de France and was until recently professor at Dumbarton Oaks of Harvard, the Skiras have found one of the two or three foremost authorities in the field. Grabar's succinct and thoroughly admirable review of the history of Byzantine painting, though intended primarily for the uninitiated, offers much that will interest and enlighten specialists. He begins with a brief sketch of the geographical distribution of what we call Byzantine art, important monuments of which are to be found in Italy (especially in Ravenna, Rome, Naples and Sicily), Africa, Asia Minor, Syria, Armenia, Georgia, and the Slavic countries, as well as in lands that were predominantly Greek, since the term Byzantine is properly applicable to all the regions ruled from Constantinople (*Byzantion*) by the Byzantine Emperors (330-1453), and even to areas, like Russia, which came under the cultural, rather than the political, dominion of Byzantium.

The Byzantine painters, as Grabar shows, had constantly to deal with the powerful influences exerted by ancient, or more accurately, Hellinistic models (dating from *ca.* 300 B.C. to about 300 A.D.), either by way of rejection or imitation. Many artists reacted violently against ancient forms; others freely made use of the pagan idiom to express the new political and religious ideas which had come into being largely as a result of the toleration granted Christianity by Constantine I in 313 at the time of the so-called Edict of Milan. Usually what the Byzantine artist borrowed from his pagan predecessors was method and style rather than subject matter, although many extant examples of Byzantine art are thoroughly pagan in inspiration. The subjects, however, are predominantly Christian, and the style was frequently deeply affected by Syrian and other Eastern artistic conventions. Byzantine art was largely an official matter and was designed to serve the needs of the imperial government and of the Church. Works of a sumptuous character, often based upon pagan models, and not seldom reproducing easily identifiable figures of pagan art, were produced for emperors and wealthy laymen, eager to regale themselves with art of wordly grandeur and opulence. Both the iconography and magnificence of the finest Byzantine objects, in which craftsmanship of the highest order was combined with a lavish use of contrasting but harmonious colors, were intended to glorify the court and invest it with awe and majesty.

Other works of equal splendor were fashioned under ecclesiastical supervision to illustrate and expound the Bible and the liturgy. Some of the most notable achievements of the Byzantine genius, like the two narthex mosaics of Hagia Sophia, bring the State, in the form of the emperor, into close juxtaposition with Christ and the Virgin Mary, and serve as reminders of the intimate relation assumed by the Byzantine world between Christ and the emperor, who was deemed to be God's representative on earth.

This handsome book with Grabar's excellent analysis of Byzantine painting and aesthetics marks another important milestone in the history of criticism, which only in our generation has come to realize that Byzantine civilization, though different from that of ancient Greece, is no less worthy of study and respect.

MILTON V. ANASTOS

SENSE AND STYLE

SINCE it is a mark of distinction among writers *The New Yorker* hasn't published to deprecate both the magazine and its frequent contributors, I naturally searched for and found flaws in E. B. White's *The Second Tree from the Corner*. None of the poems are as good as the excellent one he did about Rivera and Rockefeller Center. Fre-

THE SECOND TREE FROM THE CORNER, by E. B. White (Harpers; $3).

quently he jeers where tears would be more appropriate. He overdoes the casual pose when he speaks of writing as an addiction (though in a way it is). He wears his heart on one sleeve so he can smack it readily with the hand on the arm in the other one. But Mr. White is good, very good, most of the time, and those who don't recognize it are either style or sense deaf.

Like the magazine he symbolizes and surpasses, Mr. White is haunted by fear of the atom bomb, by man's abuse of technology, by the way city life makes the Thoreauvian ideal as silent as a violin in a subway. One or all of these themes recur in the often excellent reprints from "Talk of the Town," in such excellent short stories as "About Myself," in his astute remarks about humor and his eulogy of Don Marquis. Also he pities the poor neurotic ("The Door"), sympathizes with and deplores hack-writers, pokes only gentle fun at the psychiatrist in the title story, for he pities him too, idealizes the past because its best isn't present.

Of course he's uneven, sometimes unmemorable. Occasionally he gets a little lurid about the worst in all of us and our society; he can be downright corny as in the question and answer section of the book. But to stress this is unfair to the writer of the too few, very admirable short stories, to the man who can in two paragraphs eloquently epitomize "The Future of Reading."

To find Mr. White's peer one has to go back to the eighteenth century. He is no austere Addison, no savage Swift; rather he is a gentle, sometimes sentimental Steele prodded to severity by what should be and isn't hated by all of us. Not even his worst writing is unentertaining; at his best he belongs with those writers who are memorable because they make you look for the serious point even while you laugh.

HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER

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MORE YOUNG POETS

THALIA GAGE'S recent *Prelude to Pentecost* is poetry in no *professional* sense, whose lambert aura yet purity of vision attains not the simplicity of complexity resolved (such as that of the late Yeats or Eliot), but the simplicity of instinctive, naïve vision. *Prelude to Pentecost* is about "the Being of Mary, the Doing of Martha and the Death of Lazarus,"

PRELUDE TO PENTECOST, by Thalia Gage (Wheelwright; $2). EARLY AND LATE TESTAMENT, by Stanley Burnshaw (Dial; $2.50). THE PLANE AND THE SHADOW, by Norman Rosten (Bookman; $2.75). THE UNDERSEA MOUNTAIN, by Harold Norse (Swallow; $2).

and how each in his own way served and followed Jesus. Such poetry is rare.

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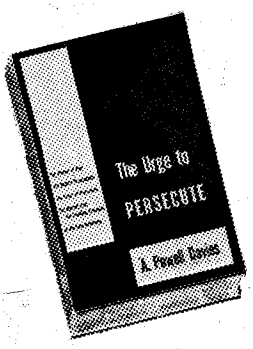

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". . . in small compass Dr. Davies has supplied a treatise that every liberal should keep by him partly as armament against reaction but partly as an immunizing agent against his own reactionary tendencies."

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Stanley Burnshaw, on the other hand, in his long title poem to *Early and Late Testament,* seeking to "regain remembered sight," turns to what he calls "the only remaining instrument—the reasoning, analytic mind" by which to find the true relationship between inner vision and social action. An attempt is made to find serenity by tracing fear to its origins in speech, and by such retrospective katharsis bring the eyes to see clearly "no longer through the veil of the self." But the rejection of the intruding self results in a poetry which, though dignified, restrained, and modulated, is curiously flat, cold, and intellectually sentimental.

The title poem of Norman Rosten's *The Plane and the Shadow* is also a long poem, allegorical and symbolistic, of the birth, voyage, and death of man in search of value and integrity. Were it not reminiscent in certain prose sections of Auden's *The Orators,* Rosten's poems might have been his most successful work to date: dramatic, moving, and inventive. He needs a large canvas where the restraint of composition and carefully considered symbolism may keep in check what may be termed Rosten's sentimentality of sincerity. A poet of compassion and pity, he often weakens his statement by a refusal to speak through those rhythms and tropes of artifice which are a poet's means of penetrating into the deeper and more inclusive sincerity of the imagination.

Only Harold Norse among these three poets is immersed, in *The Undersea Mountain,* in the business of being a poet completely, is lovingly conscious of the texture and treasure of words, of sensuous imagery to enflesh ruminations, of imaginative contrasts to point up the chasm between the world of actual things, with which his poetry is embedded, and the world of love and transformation. He needs yet to explore the tensions of meter and rhythm, for his work lacks conflict and drama, but such vision and such artifice is part of a growth well within his attainment.

KIMON FRIAR

Notes on the Critics

KENNETH REXROTH'S most recent book is *The Art of Worldly Wisdom.* JOSEPH FRANK is a Fellow at the University of Chicago. MILTON V. ANASTOS is on the faculty of Harvard's Dumbarton Oaks. REINHOLD NIEBUHR is the author of *Christian Realism and Political Problems.*

FAITH AND DOGMA

AT THE END of the last century, Lord Gifford endowed what has become a famous lectureship at the four Scottish universities. In the spirit of his day he was anxious to validate the truth and importance of religion *per se* and was embarrassed by the unique claims of Christianity to be the recipient of a "special" revelation. The embarrassmen

NATURAL RELIGION AND CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY, by Canon Charles E Raven (Cambridge; $4).

was heightened by the fact that orthodox Christianity capped the climax of an age-long struggle between science and religion by challenging the Darwinian biological discoveries on the ground that the theory of evolution challenged the doctrine of creation.

The Gifford Lectures were usually given by eminent philosophers and scientists and they usually sought to illumine that part of the Christian heritage which could be validated by general human experience without the aid of "revelation." Canon Raven's lectures on *Natural Religion and Christian Theology* are in the best tradition of the lectureship. As an Anglican scholar of high repute he has a thorough knowledge of Christian doctrine. He also belongs to the "liberal" wing of Protestantism and is therefore concerned to reject every remnant of obscurantism which might still embarrass the Christian cause.

His lectures make a competent survey of what classical mysticism and Christianity have in common and to what degree the witness of metaphysical speculations agrees with the truth as apprehended by Christian faith. It is not evident that he fully understands the crucial issue between Christianity in its classical form and that part of the Christian movement known as "liberal" Christianity, and which is characterized by its effort to adjust Christian truth to the achievements and also (unfortunately) to the illusions of our culture. That issue is whether human freedom is subject to indeterminate possibilities of good and evil (as Biblical faith insists) or whether the growth of human freedom guarantees the gradual moral perfection of men. This proposition is at the basis of every form of liberalism whether religious or secular.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

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CPT. BLIGH'S REVENGE

by Eric Bentley

I DON'T RECALL an American play that has provided a livelier evening in the theatre than *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial.* A fine cast of actors—most notably, Henry Fonda and Lloyd Nolan—help to make this so, but the largest contributions are those of the director and the author. Charles Laughton's directing is not only good, it is good in a particularly valuable way. One often tends to think that the alternative in directing styles is between the manner of the Group Theatre—nervous, slangy, plebeian, American—and the "Shakespearian manner"—statuesque, elocutionary, genteel, British. It took the Anglo-American Laughton, having the best of both hemispheres, to find a third way. He has worked with American actors using live American speech (not Stage Diction), and he has slapped and kneaded this speech like dough until it has assumed a pleasing shape. The production has both the raciness of the new school and the dignity of the old. Laughton has used his Englishness not to fatten up the play with orotund vowels but to keep it lean with irony. He has used his Americanism not to soup up the emotions but to sustain the pace and bring the tone close to the audience. And the final effect of all his complicated work is a plain simplicity! I should need to see this acting at least twice more before I could write on it. The art of it flashed by me like conjuring tricks. I should like the chance to savor it at each instant like old wine.

Herman Wouk, the author, has contributed his quota. He has a gift for crisp dialogue unsurpassed by any of our regular writers for the theatre. He has an excellent story to tell, and, in the confrontation of counsel with witnesses, has an exactly appropriate vehicle for his story. We receive each new witness with keen expectancy, follow his replies greedily, laugh over his foibles, applaud at his exit, start over with renewed expectancy at the next arrival, hear with pleasure or indignation what counsel has to say . . . the march of exits and entrances, questions and answers, attacks and counterattacks, is admirably theatrical. And there are characters which are dramatic in the sense that they are more vivid on the stage than they are in the book. I would especially commend the two psychiatrists — Molière doctors caught in the toils of their *déformations professionnelles* — and the common seaman at a loss to cope with the language of the law (resembling the young negro in the Hiss case).

But if we like Mr. Wouk so much we should be unfair not to take him as seriously as he takes himself and consider the claim he made in the NY *Times*, through his director, that the play is no mere psychological thriller but a tract for the times telling us to respect authority: mutiny is unjustified even when the argument against a particular commander is a strong one because the important thing is not to save a particular ship but preserve the authority of commanders—for they win wars while we sit reading Proust. There is a good point here, and there must surely be a good play in it—a play that would show up the sentimentality of our prejudice against commanders and in favor of mutineers. If, however, Mr. Wouk wanted to write such a play, he chose the wrong story and told it in the wrong way, for we spend three quarters of the evening pantingly hoping that Queeg—the commander—will be found insane and the mutineers vindicated. When, in the very last scene, Mr. Wouk explains that this is not the right way to take the story, it is too late. We don't believe him. At best we say that he is preaching at us a notion that ought to have been dramatized. And no amount of shock technique—not even the reiterated image of Jews melted down for soap—can conceal the flaw.

Of course, if you don't take the play seriously, none of this matters: the first part is a thriller, the last scene gives you a moral to take home to the kids. That the two sections are not organically related need disturb no one who is unalterably determined to eat his cake and have it. Others cannot but feel some disappointment at seeing the territory Mr. Wouk opens up to the view but does not touch.

Mr. Wouk's retort to sentimental radicalism is in order, yet cannot the New Conservatism—for surely his play belongs in this current of opinion—be equally sentimental, equally ambiguous? It is true that on occasion we owe our lives to naval captains. It may also be true that I owe my life at this moment to the Irish cop on the corner. Must I feel more respect for this cop than for my more sedentary neighbor? It is Mr. Wouk, by the way, who says that the book my neighbor is reading is by Proust. That's so you'll say my neighbor is an egghead. In short, Mr. Wouk carefully stacks the cards. His villain—Keefer—reads highbrow books. His hero—Greenwald—is a Jew. In real life, defense counsel might just as easily have been "Aryan," the villain—like Proust whom he reads—Jewish. But an author who told the story *this* way would *certainly* be accused of stacking the cards. Someone would suggest that Herman Wouk was the pseudonym of Ezra Pound.

There are also technical criticisms one might make. The exposition is not all clear sailing. Without the 300 pages that precede the trial in the book, it is hard to figure who some of the people are, what they have done, why they did it. Willie Keith's place in the book is central: in the play it is none too obvious that we need him at all. The villain Keefer's relation to Maryk, the accused, is carefully shown in those 300 pages. In the play, though it is talked about, we do not see it, we are not even sure whom and what to believe.

This last point is not purely technical: the blurring of the Keefer story entails the blurring of the Queeg story. And it is because we are not clear about Queeg and his state of mind on the day of the mutiny that we cannot form an opinion on the main issues of the play. Just how crazy does a captain have to be for Mr. Wouk to approve his removal by a subordinate? The answer seems to be: he has to be *plumb* crazy. Just how crazy was Queeg? It is impossible to figure. And while precisely this impossibility might make a dramatic theme, it would yield a play with a message decidedly Pirandellian; it would not increase our respect for authority.

The first time most of us saw Charles Laughton was in *Mutiny on the Bounty* when he played the wicked captain against whom officers and crew rose in righteous indignation. Inasmuch as *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* says that a wicked captain deserves a vote of thanks, it might well have been entitled *Captain Bligh's Revenge.* Luckily, Mr. Laughton and Mr. Wouk are artists and, as such, have not been able to resist the temptation to make their wicked captain as offensive in the modern (*i.e.,* neurotic) way as Captain Bligh was in the old religious-melodramatic way. The result is, they create a character and unfold a tale which no amount of conservatism, new or old, can quite spoil.

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From Our Readers

► President's Atomic Plan

Thanks for pointing out to me the editorial on the Eisenhower proposal in the *New Republic* ("The President's Atomic Plan," December 21, 1953). I found it the only thoughtful comment on the proposal in the American press (perhaps there were others, but I haven't seen them).

Considered realistically, the Eisenhower proposal belongs not in the chapter of "Disarmament," but in that of "Technical Assistance to Backward Nations." As such, it is very unlikely to find any sympathy in the Soviet Union. From their point of view, joining hands with America in helping to increase the prosperity of backward nations means undermining their own chances of success and interfering in this way with what they consider the inevitable "dialectic" course of history. This is the last thing they are going to do.

Furthermore, I doubt whether, as a project of assistance to technically backward nations, the idea is of much merit. Apart from political difficulties pointed out in the *New Republic,* atomic energy might easily be the wrong end at which to start technical assistance—at least for the majority of backward nations. That such an extreme proposal of technical cooperation should emanate from a government which, at the same time strangles the much more modest technical assistance programs initiated by its predecessor is, to put it mildly, peculiar; and makes one doubtful of whether the idea has been at all discussed in practical terms.

Chicago, Ill. EUGENE RABINOWITCH

► "Pious, Humorless" Educators

Are we about to be enveloped by a new style in prudery? Can it be that Professor Kilpatrick ("What We Want of Our Teachers," *NR,* December 21) wishes to emphasize man's kinship with the algae and therefore speaks of response to life-situations rather than of intellectual ability? Can it be that "intellect" has superseded "leg" as a noun in bad taste?

If so, we may help ourselves by looking again at lines of cleavage in nineteenth-century behavior. Ladies who said "creature" instead of "bull" were Victorian. But Darwin and Lyell were Victorians, too. Their inquiries, among others, seemed in the eyes of some of their contemporaries to threaten man's assurance of being the center of the universe and the crown of creation. Many who felt alarmed over this responded by rallying to what they considered revealed truth. Perhaps they thought circumspection in their own conduct would help maintain the cosmic *status quo.* Hence the cult of the genteel. Perhaps.

Professor Kilpatrick evidently regards his party in education as the young challengers, the Darwins and Lyells of today. Instead they seem to me the pious and humorless, conservers of their particular sacred verities. Great heavens, the idea of a whole education for a whole being is not new! (And if it were, you cannot make a thing whole by slicing off its top, as the producers of the ranch-type house—and of this type diction, for that matter—have shown us.) If this idea was born in our century, what in the world was Plato talking about? Or Rabelais, or Montaigne? Even the deplorably intellectual Francis Bacon said, "Studies teach not their own use."

No, if educationalism were searching for new truth it would not have to be so strenuous about preserving the purity of its own cult, would not have to sound such warnings as Professor Kilpatrick's against profane studies and "consummatory pleasure" in art. This is the zeal of a sectary, not an inquirer.

If philosophy is what Professor Kilpatrick says it is, then architecture is something you put on *after* you have built the house. Then activities are action. Then, to find the center of a circle, all you need is a volunteer committee to run, squint and point in glad democratic consensus.

Jefferson, Ohio FAY FISHER

Commenting on differences between the "old" and the "new" education, (*NR,* January 25) Mr. Makey stated knowingly that "some children will learn under any system of education, and teachers can never be sure that . . . examples of their success are really the results of their efforts."

The reason why some children will learn under any system of education is that, generally, these children are from our middle- and upper-social classes. The social conditioning of these pupils is such that they are motivated and rewarded for performing well in school.

But one-third of our pupils, those in slums, feel unmotivated and unrewarded for their school performances. Our less-favored pupils are conditioned to seek only day-to-day satisfactions.

A chief reason why teachers in slum-located schools find their work especially difficult is that they must teach without the aid of middle-class conditioning of their pupils. To be successful, the teacher in a less-favored community must develop a program that is significant and compelling in itself. It would be reasonable to suppose that the educational outcomes of such a program are indeed mainly the result of teacher effort because there is little in the background or out-of-school environment of these pupils that would bring about the kinds of behavior changes thought desirable by the school.

This suggests to me that it is the slum-located school (rather than the university laboratory school or the school serving the middle class) that can best provide a testing ground to develop principles, methods, and materials for a significant and intrinsically interesting educational program that may benefit public education everywhere.

Chicago, Ill. MORRIS FINDE

► "Slipping Socialism"

He promised to deliver us from "creeping Socialism"; and now it appears that he is going to turn us over to "slipping Socialism." Slipping on butter!

Buckeye, Ariz. UPTON SINCLAIR

► Echoes of Whispers

In your issue of January 25, you editorially discuss the case of West Coast radio commentator Chet Huntley, who won a libel suit against Mrs. Sue Suchman, who foolishly called him a Communist. Mrs. Suchman, whom I do not know, is I understand a patriotic Jewish lady who is extremely concerned at what according to her statements, she considers to be a one-sided approach by certain commentators, who are constantly shouting "McCarthyism" at legitimate Congressional investigations into Communist infiltration in high places. Her anger carried her too far, as she has learned to her sorrow. No one can countenance extravagant charges.

But how about the extravagant charges which are constantly made against other radio commentators besides Drew Pearson and Mrs. Roosevelt. I refer to Fulton Lewis Jr., George Sokolsky, Alan Courtney (of WGBS, Miami), Paul Harvey, H. V. Kaltenborn, Austin Kiplinger Jr. and perhaps other commentators, who have been viciously called such names as "McCarthyites," "Fascists," "anti-Semites" and against whom terrific pressures have been brought to drive them off the air. A good case in point is Facts Forum against which in recent weeks a nation-wide whispering campaign, echoes of which I've heard in Boston, Columbus, Syracuse and other cities, has been launched.

This business of false charges works both ways; but, apparently, you're concerned when it hits the so-called liberals.

New York City VICTOR LASKY

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► Gerald W. Johnson

On page 16 of your February 1 issue ou let Gerald W. Johnson say that our overnment is holding 1.9 billion bales of otton. It is a good year when we roduce 15 million bales. A billion nine-undred million is more cotton than the ggregate production of the whole world n the last hundred years.

Of course you will say, there is nothing rrong with Gerald W. Johnson's state-ent except a few superfluous ciphers, nd what is a cipher anyway but a zero?
New York City ALVIN JOHNSON

► Less Than Confident

This evening I read, "Good Times for 54," by Leon Keyserling (*NR*, January).

When I pause to look back across the ears: construction work, cleaning fuel oil anks, warehouse labor, longshoring, cull-tave resawing, car loading, dynamite auling, sandhog pick and shovel artists, uto assembly plant stock handler, jani-or, "tripwriter pounder," timekeeper, hainstore thief-catcher, truck driver and acquer finisher's helper . . . it seems to me 've only averaged a little more than 1,500 a year in take home pay, certainly ot too much for two persons to live on nd save a few pennies for that rainy day.

President Eisenhower and Economist Keyserling look forward with "confi-ence," while I look forward with "fear nd trembling."
Edmonds, Wash. RUSSELL A. MOREHOUSE

► In Defense of Chiang

The statement made in your recent rticle on Korea is, depressingly, rather ypical of the attitude of many American eriodicals, including even those which re more or less friendly toward us. There s a point in referring to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek as "political deadwood hat must be cleared away" that needs larifying.

At the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War, when the US was still supplying the apanese with scrap iron and other stra-egic materials, Chiang was the acknowl-dged leader to all the political parties nd factions within the land, not exclud-ng the Communists, and to the whole utside world, not excluding the Japanese. iven after the war, at the Political Con-ultation Conference held in Chungking, Mao Tse-tung was shouting "Long live Chairman Chiang!" for the whole world o hear. The Gimo may not be a perfect ngel, but he is by no means the demon hat many have tried to paint him. . . .

What did him in more than anything lse is his reticence, a quality typical of he older generation Chinese. When any lesser man would have rushed out with the facts in self-defense, he suffered in silence and privacy. He did not want to offend his friends, even though they were wrong. This may seem strange and even absurd to you, but he is Chinese!

This letter is not merely my own view, but reflective of many who are not "in" with the KMT but who love their country.
Taipei, Taiwan (Formosa) HOU-CHIEN

► Douglas' Good Fight

Although only a coal miner, I do know the difference between a politician and a statesman. I have never held public office or made a political speech, and my only claim to a formal education is what I picked up along the way from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *New Republic* and their feature columns.

However, sometime ago when several of our best Congressmen were defeated by McCarthy methods, I began to a slow boil. Now it looks like the same old smear job for Senator Douglas here in Illinois, and that's getting pretty close to heart and home. So from now on I'm getting up on my hind legs. If necessary, I'll mount a soap box in every mining town in Illinois and in the language that the coal miner so well understands. I'll give them the truth about Paul Douglas and the good fight which he has been carrying on, not alone for we here at home in Illinois, but for all the little people all over the world.
Nokomis, Ill. LELAND B. SCHAEFER

Bandwagon

The widespread use of Grace Before Meals cards, now placed in countless restaurants throughout the United States has great power behind it in the fight to combat the spread of Communism and Communist influences, Louis Budenz, Fordham College professor, told his audience last night at the 14th of the series of 15 lectures on the techniques of Communism. – *The Daily Times, (Mamaroneck, N. Y.), January 23, 1954.*

Agreeing that a recession has been under way since summer, Greenwalt (Crawford H. Greenwalt, President of duPont) says no one knows how long or how deep it will be and urges taking what he calls the long view; meaning that when viewed "against the pattern of our country's long term growth and prosperity the bad times—so troublesome in their particular setting—fade into unpleasant memories and finally into unimportant historical items. – *Atlanta Constitution, January 27, 1954.*

"I visited the Korean front by jeep, car and plane," she said. "Some officials protested that this was no place for a lady. I told them I was not a lady, I was a member of Congress." – *From an interview with Congresswoman Marguerite Stitt Church (R, Ill.), Washington Post, January 31, 1954.*

Archibald Roosevelt, only surviving son of President Theodore Roosevelt, told the veterans (American Legionnaires) that they should support any projects that was opposed by *The Daily Worker*, the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. – *The New York Times, January 31, 1954.*

Walter E. Hoadley Jr., economist of the Armstrong Cork Company, Lancaster, Pa., said the country is experiencing a period of what might be called "dynamic doldrums." – *From a speech by Walter E. Hoadley Jr., as reported in the New York Times, January 28, 1594.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS.

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A Word of Explanation...

Dissent Costs Money

THE right to dissent from popular or orthodox views is recognized by everyone who believes in the U. S. constitution. Dissent is more than a right, however. It is a highly valuable asset in a country which must hammer out its decisions and policies by means of public discussion, popular forums and election contests.

The more viewpoints we get on any national issue, the better informed we become; the better our ultimate decisions are likely to be. Only those who mistrust their own ideas strive for thought control and the suppression of views contrary to their own.

Historians who look at political evolution with a long-range perspective frequently find that the dissenters of one generation pass on ideas which become the generally-accepted, popular policies of the next generation. In the long run dissenters may contribute as much to the country as the spokesmen for the majority.

The founders of America were dissenters from a political, economic, religious and social system which had outlived its usefulness.

AS IMPORTANT as dissent is, it is not always profitable, however. The New Republic, independent, liberal weekly magazine of opinion, furnishes a case in point. Subsidized since November, 1914, by the Willard Straight family. The New Republic has reached the end of its financial rope and will have to fold unless an emergency camaign to provide funds by individual subscription should succeed.

A number of prominent persons, who frequently disagree with The New Republic but value its vigorous articles, have endorsed the money-raising venture. They include Paul G. Hoffman, president of Studebaker; John S. Knight, newspaper publisher; Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic leader; Chester Bowles, Francis Biddle and others.

In this country the number of newspapers has been declining slowly although the remaining papers have been gaining more readers. Such an able dissenting voice as that of The New Republic would be sorely missed. We hope the emergency campaign will be a success. And, oh yes, for those who may want to contribute, the address of The New Republic is 230 West 41st Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Reprinted from the
Denver Post, Feb. 2, 1954

One week ago we mailed out an appeal for funds for the *New Republic*. It was endorsed by 16 of the finest Americans we know of, conservatives as well as liberals, Republicans as well as Democrats.

Since then we've been heartened by scores of editorials, such the one from the *Denver Post* reprinted on this page. Our mail has been heavy, and among the many letters have been some from our own readers asking: "Is this true?"

Yes, of course it's true! After 39 years the subsidy that financed the *New Republic* ended last May. But that year, of danger and opportunity, seemed no time to give up.

We kept going. We began by reprinting the Senate Report on McCarthy's money. We sold 150,000 copies all over the world. We published another pamphlet on book burning, and a third on The Trial of Harry Truman. We reported the Berlin uprisings and the programs of the Eisenhower Administration We followed Adlai Stevenson around the world Almost alone, we reviewed closely and critically the President's new plan on atomic energy. And we provided a platform for many wonderful men.

We're not satisfied, of course. But we're proud enough of the past 10 months and concerned enough about the months ahead to plan, with your help to go on.

We've appealed for subscribers in these 10 months but not for funds. Now we're asking for both, and with no hesitation, since we believe in what we can do. We've slowly but steadily upraised our circulation in these 10 months; we've cut costs, and raised efficiency by consolidating our offices here in Washington. We still have a healthy deficit of $1,600 each issue to make up. But we don't know of another journal of opinion that has as good a chance to break through as we do, and we look on this deficit as part of the price of healthy dissent.

That's our story. Urgent cause for action—no cause for despondency as long as we have friends among all who agree—or disagree—with what we say. The need is very real; so, we hope, will be your response.

Michael Straight

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